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# MEMORIES OF THE MUTINY.

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BY

FRANCIS CORNWALLIS MAUDE, V.C., C.B.

*Late Colonel R.A., and formerly Commanding the Artillery of Havelock's Column.*

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OC

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE

OF

JOHN WALTER SHERER, Esq.,

*Companion of the Star of India; formerly Magistrate of Futtehpore, and afterwards of Cawnpore.*

*Author of "Who is Mary?"; "Helen, the Novelist," etc., etc.*

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VOLUME I.

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*To our able Colleagues, of both Services, and our brave Comrades, of all Ranks and Denominations, these Volumes are gratefully dedicated by*

*THE AUTHORS.*

F. C. MAUDE
1858.

*From a Photograph by Beato*

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# PREFACE.

Much has already been written regarding the INDIAN SEPOY MUTINY: but comparatively little by persons who were themselves actors in the scenes depicted.

This Work treats mainly of the events in which HAVELOCK'S COLUMN took part: and mostly consists of narratives by still-living witnesses of the incidents related: scarcely any of which, however, have hitherto been put before the British Public.

Besides the very valuable Story, which my friend, Mr. Sherer, has so graphically told, others have given kind and cordial assistance in preparing this Book.

And no pains have been spared in the endeavour to arrive at the Truth: particularly with respect to several matters upon which considerable difference of opinion exists.

Although it is not professed that the present Volumes contain a complete History of that Epoch: yet I hope they will have claims upon the attention, as well as commend themselves to the indulgence, of my fellow-subjects; inasmuch as, while naught has been set down in malice, nothing has been extenuated by

THE COMPILER.

London 12th December, 1893

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# MEMORIES OF THE MUTINY.

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire.
And airy tongues that syllable men's names,
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

MILTON.

## CHAPTER I.

### A LULL BEFORE THE STORM.

Early in 1855, when the Crimean War was at its height, a Battery of Royal Artillery, and a Company of the 37th (Hampshire) Regiment, were ordered to Trincomalee, in Ceylon, and were fellow-passengers on board the hired troopship *Jullundur*, of about 600 tons burthen. Thus these two handfuls of men found themselves relegated to a spot which, beyond all others upon earth, seemed the least likely to furnish events of a nature to disturb the even current of their lives. Yet they were destined, before many months were over, to take part in some of the most momentous scenes in the annals of the present century.

It was on a lovely evening, late in July, the *Jullundur* arrived at Trincomalee. No one had noticed us, and the good old worthies in charge of the so-called lighthouse at that station had omitted, on that occasion, to light their tiny lantern. When speaking lately to General Delafosse regarding these experiences, that distinguished officer declared that he does not believe they ever lighted that lighthouse, and that the omission was the cause of his being wrecked on a coral reef off Trincomalee in 1858, on his way home in the *Ava*. It was, however, certainly lighted every night from August, '55, to June, '57; but the neglect on the occasion of our arrival was a significant introduction to the general system of *laisser aller* which, on landing, we found to be prevalent in that paradise of lotus-eaters, and where we passed nearly two happy years, during which, it must be confessed, we resigned ourselves only too readily to the *dolce far niente* existence. To us it was but the proverbial calm that preceded the hurricane.

Almost innumerable hunting excursions, however, helped to vary the monotony. Nor were these entirely monopolised by the officers; and it can be conscientiously said that not a single unnecessary parade or drill was ever imposed, whereby the soul of Tommy Atkins of Trinco might have been vexed, whether the uniform he wore was the green of the Ceylon Rifles, the scarlet of the Hampshires, or the blue of the Gunners. Our Commandant, Longworth Dames, was an excellent officer, entirely a gentle-

man, and not the least bit of a martinet. The Chaplain, Archdeacon Glenny, if a trifle militant, was a finished scholar, and one of the finest of elocutionists. Little R—— commanded the C.R. But the real "curio" of those days was Major B——n, who had, it was commonly reported, been an officer in her Majesty's Foot Guards. His claim to distinction was in the fact that his profile might well have been taken for a *silhouette* (in black) of the conqueror of Assaye. Phillpotts and Durnford (the latter afterwards killed at Isandlwana) most worthily represented the Royal Engineers. Astley Cooper was the popular Naval Storekeeper. Morris was a fine specimen of the old Ceylon Civil Service; and Birch, his assistant, a smart fellow of the younger school. R. Raymond Pelly was the kindly and truly Hibernian Staff Officer. Dr. Kelaart (of native extraction) and Dr. Sinclair were our able medicos.

The Battery of R.A. was commanded by the 2nd Captain, F. C. Maude; the 1st Captain being "Triangle" Travers, as he was called in the Regiment; but the latter was on Staff employ at the Cape of Good Hope, and did not join us until the capture of Lucknow in 1858. Eardley Maitland and Morton Parker Eden were the subalterns of our Battery; the latter did not come on with us to India. Clutterbuck was the Captain, and Birkett the Ensign, of the Company of the 37th, who came out with us. Both of these belonged to ancient Northumbrian

families, and, as will be seen, both found a grave in Hindustan. Edward Hume Smedley, cousin of the novelist, was the Falstaff of the Judicial Bench. A more genial *bon vivant* never tossed off a tankard of Buttery's country-bottled Allsopp; and his quips and pranks were to the full as humorous as those of Shakspeare's immortal creation.

Our Commandant was the most indulgent of chiefs, and towards the close of our stay he gave the writer permission to take his battery out into the country for a few days' pic-nic. We chose a lovely spot called Nilavely, about ten miles from the Fort, much frequented as a honeymoon resort by newly-married couples. Unfortunately one of us had been imprudently scrupulous enough to date an official letter from our little camp. Whereupon, by return of "tapal," there came a solemnly-worded despatch from Head-Quarters in Colombo, asking poor Longworth Dames to "give his reasons, in writing, for transferring the Artillery to Nilavely." However, a few days after the receipt of this document, and before the dreaded wigging could have been on its way, we were *en route* for Calcutta, taking with us many interesting recollections of our stay in Ceylon. These, with further incidents and details, will be subjects for future reference in the course of this narrative.

In the afternoon of the 6th of June, 1857, our lotus-eating life was suddenly disturbed by the arrival in Back Bay, Trincomalee, of the *Semiramis*, a frigate belonging to the East India Company,

which brought the astonishing news that the Sepoy Mutiny had broken out, and that every *European* soldier was to proceed immediately to British India. In one hour we had packed our traps, bade good-bye to our friends, who had crowded into the Fort to wish us God speed, handed over our *lares et penates* to the tender mercies of Mr. Buttery, "the universal provider," and were steaming along the road to Calcutta. So fate had willed it that Captain Clutterbuck's Company and my own were once more fellow-passengers on board a troop-ship, as the frigate had become for the nonce. Sir Henry Ward had shown both loyalty and courage, in depriving himself, without a moment's hesitation, of nearly the whole of the white troops in Ceylon, inasmuch as he was, together with a large number of civilians, women, and children, almost totally unprotected, save by the handful of Mahometan Malays who composed the Ceylon Rifle Regiment. History has shown that his confidence was not misplaced; but the English in the Island of Pearls were not without their anxious moments during the ensuing twelve months.

A week's steam, in glorious weather, took us to Calcutta, where we arrived on the 13th of June, and were instantly disembarked. Clutterbuck marched his men to Barrackpore the same afternoon, a distance of only sixteen miles, but which was largely increased by their having actually mistaken the road, no guide having been sent with them! Poor fellow! on his arrival at his journey's end,

thoroughly exhausted, he drank off a glass of water, and fell down dead. Several of his men also died that day from the same cause—heat apoplexy. Only a few days afterwards gallant, manly, young Birkett fell into the ambush at Arrah, and was cut to pieces with nearly the whole of his company in that terrible disaster. Sad as their fate was, the noble defence of Arrah and its subsequent relief by Vincent Eyre (who afterwards joined Havelock's force) formed one of the many interesting pages in the history of that time. On our own arrival at Fort William we were made gloriously uncomfortable in a couple of the hot, dusty, and dirty casemates. We rejoiced, therefore, to hear that Brigadier Havelock was forming a flying column, and that we were soon to be sent up-country to join it.

We had a little "standing gun-drill" during the short time we were cooped up in the Fort; and the monotony, if not the discomfort, was varied by one or two interesting experiences, the services of the handful of white troops being constantly in requisition for the disarmament of the Sepoy regiments and similar emergencies. The King of Oudh, who had lately been deposed by Lord Dalhousie, occupied a splendid palace at Garden Reach, on the left bank of the Hooghly, where his zenana and menagerie were the talk of the town. A great part of the plotting which led to the terrible outbreak was believed to have been hatched in this hot-bed of Mussulman intrigue; Ali Nukkee Khan, the ex-King's able

Premier, being one of the main-springs of the conspiracy.

After the first outburst, Lord Canning was well served by his emissaries, who kept him constantly *au courant* of the machinations of the rebels. In this way one of their most trusted go-betweens was neatly captured, documents of the highest importance being found upon him, which were said to have seriously implicated both the King and his Prime Minister. The Vakeel was sentenced to be hanged the next day, and, in the meanwhile, was confined in the main guard at one of the Fort gates. The immediate arrest of the ex-King was also resolved upon, for which the arrangements were swiftly, secretly, and admirably carried out.

At midnight on Saturday, the 15th of June, every European capable of bearing arms was marched silently out of Fort William, and disposed, strategically, around the Royal residence, on its land side. The *Zenobia* had also noiselessly slipped from her moorings at Calcutta and anchored off the Garden Reach Palace, upon which her guns ("double-shotted" as was the fashion) were carefully pointed. The writer had charge of the four field guns, which we took down with drag ropes and laid them so as to command the respective gateways. So complete was the surprise that the two officers appointed for his capture found the King asleep in bed. The moment was critical, for the Park was known to be swarming with desperate fanatics armed to the teeth. One or two of the King's wives were

very warlike and urged him to resist; but a short and stern colloquy, enforced by the sight of loaded revolvers, together with a peep at the frigate opposite his windows, proved sufficient to induce the King to dress himself speedily, and he was forthwith conducted to the carriage prepared for him, arriving at his quarters in Fort William before sunrise.

Curiously enough, one of the Lieutenants temporarily placed under my orders that morning was George Holland, afterwards Major ("Brown Holland" as he used to be called) of the Bengal Artillery. We had been fellow-passengers and excellent friends on board the *Royal Albert* in '54, when he was in charge of H.E.I.C.'s recruits, and I was seeking sea breezes. But we had not since met until that moment. On our return to the Fort we found that the wily Vakeel, who lay under sentence of death in the guard-room, perceiving that the coast was clear, and probably with the connivance of friends, had made himself scarce; nor was he ever afterwards heard of by the authorities.

Lord Canning undoubtedly played a bold game that morning. He left the Fort and Arsenal for five or six hours entirely at the mercy of the doubtful loyalty of the Forty-third (now the Sixth) Bengal Native Light Infantry, and must have known that the very slightest hitch in the delicate proceedings at Garden Reach, even the sound of firing, would probably have resulted in the Fort Gates being closed against us, while the capture of Fort William would almost certainly have

led to the massacre of all the English in Calcutta. But he had the talent of knowing exactly whom to trust and when to strike. "Clemency Canning," as he was sneeringly called, has always *(valeat quantum)* had my profound admiration.

That day (16th of June) has been called "Panic Sunday," and certainly it merited the name. For when the good folks of Calcutta realised the risk which had been incurred, reflected upon the importance of the King's capture, speculated upon the chances of an attempt to release him, and otherwise gave heed to the various rumours of which the air was rife, their hearts became as water and melted within them, neither did there remain any more courage in any of them. They rushed on board the ships in the Hooghly, crowded Fort William, and said and did many other foolish things, for which, however, it is hardly fair to blame them too heavily now. Another very disquieting matter just then had been the news of the sudden death of General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, the report having, by some mysterious communication, arrived in Calcutta the very day he died, although he was nine hundred miles distant, and the telegraph was broken down. It was generally bruited, and believed at the time, that he had been poisoned, but his death was really from cholera, after only a few hours' illness.

An amusing story was current regarding the ex-King of Oudh, which there seems no reason to doubt. The King was assigned quarters over the

"Maidân Gate" of Fort William, where he was most strictly guarded, Orfeur Cavenagh, then Colonel (afterwards General, and of "Charity Organisation" fame), being his gaoler; the latter having lost a leg, by the first shot fired, at Sobraon. Of course the dimensions of the temporary residence were quite incompatible with the usual extent of the Royal harem. Consequently, not many hours had elapsed before complaints were made, through the proper official channel, that the period had arrived when his sable Majesty desired an immediate increase in his stock of wives. Presumably, after consultation with the Viceroy, the official mind was found to be so far sympathetic that the addition was tolerated, one more wife being vouchsafed as a consoler and sharer of the captive King's great and overpowering sorrow. And this little episode, it is said, was repeated, with the same result, until four or five more wives were admitted to assuage the royal grief. His Majesty must have been inconsolable.* Representations were then made, also according to official form, that the number of the zenana had become in excess of the accommodation. But on this point Cavenagh was inexorable. "No," said the gaoler, "no native person, having once entered the King's quarters, can possibly be permitted to leave them." Whether this arrangement resulted in family jars, history does not mention.

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*See Appendix. H

The behaviour of our little band of fifty-eight gunners, in regard to sobriety, was really marvellously good. Notwithstanding the intense heat of the weather, only one man gave way to drink during our stay at Fort William, Benares, or Allahabad. And this was all the more creditable to them, because they could, in those troublesome times, have almost swam in alcoholic beverages had they been so minded. Their abstinence arose, I believe, from a strong and deep sense of the importance of their duties during a critical period. Without any pretensions to sanctity, they were like a little band of brothers whom it was indeed an honour to command. And even the solitary delinquent afterwards did excellent service before the enemy.

On Waterloo Day we began our journey up-country, to join Havelock at Allahabad, where, we were told, we should find horses and guns sufficient for a Field Battery. As we were crossing the Hooghly to the Railway Station, at Howrah, nearly opposite Calcutta, our steam ferry boat ran into a native "budgerow," which it knocked into smithereens, drowning the whole of the native crew. The railroad was then only open as far as Raneegunj, although it was being gradually built, in sections, at other points on the Grand Trunk Road. At this town a "bullock dâk" awaited us. Surgeon John Irvine, M.D., afterwards P.M.O. of the Tel-el-Kebir force, here joined us, having been appointed Surgeon to my Battery. He did not leave us until the capture of Lucknow.

During the greater part of the tedious journey a Company of the 78th (Seaforth) Highlanders were our escort and comrades. They were commanded by Captain George Henry Hunt, who shared the leading bullock-waggon with the writer, in which, although very sociable, we were exceedingly uncomfortable. These conveyances had no springs, and the floor was only covered with a little hay. As a protection from the rain or sun heavy tarpaulins were hung around, which could be rolled up with some little difficulty. Our marches were "forced," but they never exceeded thirty miles a-day, three miles an hour being very good going for oxen, even on a "kunka" metalled road. We always halted during the extreme heat of the day, when the bullocks were watered and fed. We had scarcely been a day on the road when cholera broke out among us, and no less than six out of our fifty-eight splendid men died before we reached Benares. We buried them by the roadside, marking the spot by a short inscription on a piece of tin. As we look back to that fatal journey, through the mist of thirty-six years, there seem but few incidents unconnected with the sufferings and death of our poor gunners.

We crossed the Soane at Cherghattee, over a temporary bridge which used to be built afresh every year. Just as the last of our line of waggons had crossed it, the floods, consequent upon the rainy season which had lately commenced, licked up and devoured the bridge behind us. It produced an

1805—RIDING UP-COUNTRY: SQUIRREL DAY.

indescribably sad impression upon our minds at the time, but, somewhat as did the soldiers of Cortez, in Mexico, we felt that our boats, so to speak, were burnt, and that we had only to go straight on ahead as best we might. In fact, throughout our experiences with Havelock's "Flying Column," which, as its name implies, had no regular base of communication, there was an all-pervading sense that we were, humanly speaking, carrying our lives in our hands, and that there was nearly as much danger in the rear as in the front of the day's work, marching or fighting as the case might be. Without either wishing to depreciate the heroic courage of our fellow-comrades, or to exalt ourselves into very prodigies of valour and daring—this feeling was not without influence upon our actions, and may somewhat account for the fact that instances of breach of discipline, or misbehaviour before the enemy, were of the very rarest occurrence. This may be said of the whole of our force, whether private soldiers, non-commissioned officers, or officers.

But to return to our weary march. The only head of game we saw was a large tiger, which leisurely walked across the road just in front of our waggon; but before we could get a gun ready he reached a bit of sheltering covert. When about fifty miles from Benares, Havelock and two of his Staff overtook us in "horse-dak-garees," and ordered us to leave our escort of Highlanders, impress as many carriages as we required, and follow him with all speed to

Allahabad. Most of the travelling in India used to be performed in these vehicles, which were called "palkee-garees," "garee" being almost any kind of carriage. The "palkee" was like a palanquin, only a little higher, and held two persons. "Dâk" is the equivalent of "Post."

At first it looked as if we should not be able to carry out these orders, for the dâk-agents had become infected with the spirit of the times, and the "garees" were found to be mysteriously minus a lynch-pin, even a wheel being at one time missing. However, by dint of threats and bribes, we succeeded in tracing the deficient furniture, and arrived very speedily at our destination. But these were the last dâk-garees which galloped along that road for many a long day. Although some of the "rest-houses" on the line of route had been injured, and that Benares had also suffered to a considerable extent, yet it was not until we reached Allahabad that we came into full presence of the dire havoc which the mutiny had already wrought.

A few words may be said here about Captain G. H. Hunt, of the 78th Highlanders, whom we left on the road in command of his splendid Company of men, all of them in excellent spirits, and eager to push on to the front. Hunt was truly an honour to his profession, and had much distinguished himself in the Persian Campaign, where he had been favourably mentioned in despatches, and from which his regiment and the 64th had just returned. He was a

terse and graceful writer, and sketched very well, having written a short, clever, and nicely-illustrated account of that interesting little campaign, which was published a month or two after the news of his death had been received in England. On his arrival at Benares he was seized with cholera, and although with heroic devotion he insisted on trying to struggle on, he suffered a relapse, and died, on the 28th July, on board a steamer in the Ganges.

As between the officers of the 78th Highlanders, so among the men of that superb regiment, our gunners formed a lasting friendship, which continued uninterruptedly throughout the Mutiny, and, indeed, has not since been broken. When our poor fellows were seized, one after another, with cholera, the Highlanders nobly volunteered to assist them, and to employ such remedies as were then supposed to alleviate the agony of that horrible scourge. A great intimacy existed also between our respective Sergeant-Majors, two splendid soldiers, who were "townies," both hailing from Aberdeen. Robertson, of the 78th (now Captain) secretary and bursar of Rossall School, Fleetwood, received a terrible wound, from which, however, he entirely recovered. He was literally shot through the head; the bullet, which he still carefully preserves, entering his left temple, and coming out below his right jaw-bone. Alexander Lamont's glorious death is hereafter recorded.

On our arrival opposite Allahabad we crossed the River Jumna on the backs of some fine Commissariat

elephants, that took us over with scarcely a wet stitch in our clothes. But afterwards, when not carrying passengers, we saw the huge beasts wallowing joyously in the tepid flood, with only the tops of their backs and the tips of their trunks above water. We found Allahabad in dire confusion. Almost every bungalow outside the old-fashioned fortress had been burnt and all the merchants' stores looted. Scores of officers whose regiments had mutinied in the neighbouring districts were huddled together in the Fort. Many of them had been fired upon and pursued by their men; some had been wounded; and nearly all had had narrow escapes, most of which have been elsewhere narrated. One of these, which had happened in Oudh, and is fairly typical of hundreds of others, will be found in the Appendix.

Praise was, however, freely and properly bestowed upon "Brazier's Sikhs," whose loyalty had without doubt been the means of saving the lives of the garrison, together with the almost invaluable military stores which they guarded. When the superb strategical position of the Fort is remembered, it is plain that if Allahabad had fallen into the enemy's hands a very unpleasant turn would have been given to the campaign, although the completion of the railroad system has since neutralised a good deal of the importance of that fortress.

Few things were more remarkable than the extraordinary loyalty, and even devotion, of some of

our native regiments, and notably of the Sikhs, who, having been but lately conquered and their country annexed by us, might have been supposed to have still some wrongs to avenge. With few exceptions, however, the Sikhs remained faithful to our "Raj." It is true that the delicate question of caste was not of the all-absorbing interest to them that it was to the Brahmins, or perhaps the Mussulmâns. Nor do they possess the fanatical and proselytising spirit of the latter. But perhaps the best reason was that they hated them both very cordially.

The various causes which led to the Mutiny have been exhaustively discussed during the past quarter of a century. But even now we frequently hear of scepticism expressed with regard to the question of the "greased cartridges." Some extracts from the newspapers of that date bearing upon this subject will be found in the Appendix*; but it is almost universally accepted that this was, at least, the match which fired the smouldering discontent, even if it was not the sole and original cause.

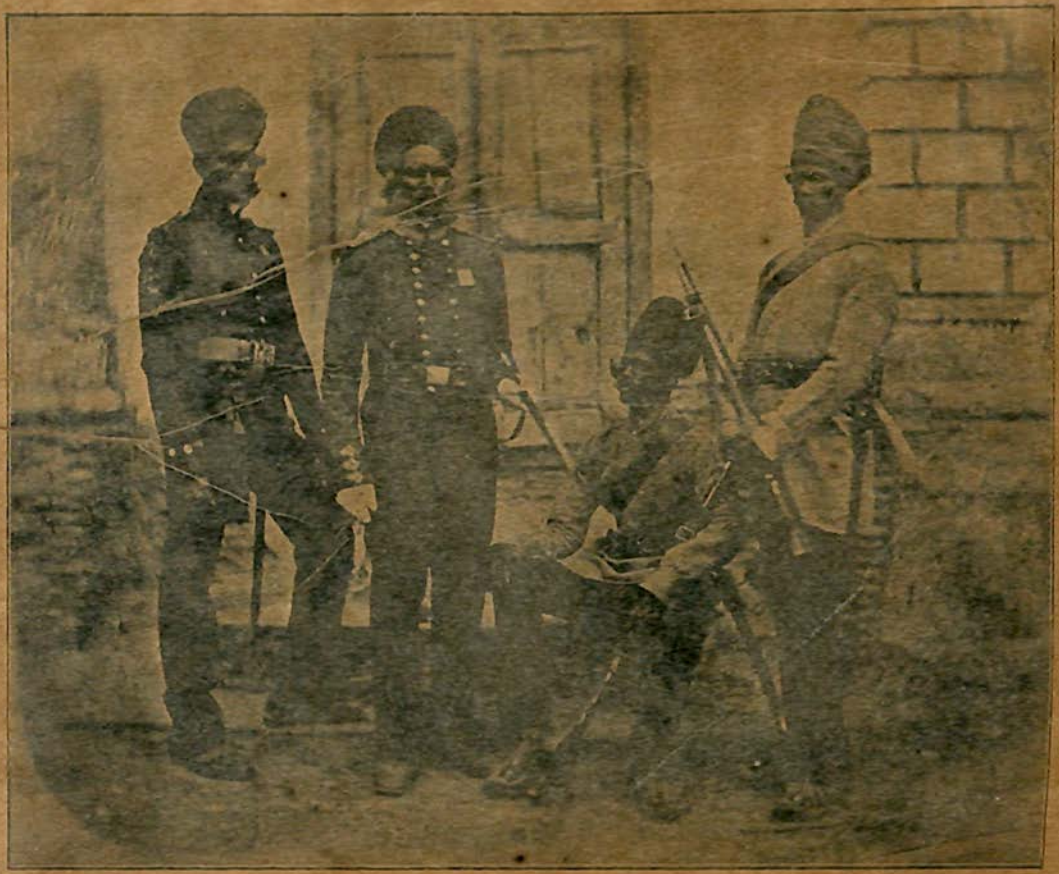
The circulation of the "chupatties," which are cakes of meal similar to the Australian "damper," took place among the native civil population, who after all did not revolt against us, although they implicitly obeyed the mysterious order, which emanated no one has ever discovered from whom, directing each village to bake six chupatties, and send them on to

*See Appendix A, B, and C.

the next village with similar instructions. The "chupattie" business seems to have been a scheme of which the sequel was never supplied. Very likely the arrest or death of one of the prime movers prevented the *dénouement* in Bengal.

Although caste had its headquarters in Bengal, it was the constant theme of conversation throughout British India; but its connection with a possible Sepoy mutiny does not appear to have entered men's minds since the affair in Vellore nearly half a century previously. When we were in Madras in '54 we heard the following story relating to caste as having quite recently happened there: "A native woman was one day bringing the dinner for the Sepoys in Fort St. George. It consisted of a huge covered pot or saucepan full of cooked rice. There was a young European sentry at the Fort gate, whose orders were to forbid the entry of any spirituous liquors. He stopped the woman and asked her what was in the saucepan. As neither party could understand the other, he lifted the lid and looked in. Whereupon the woman, knowing that his action had defiled the food, promptly threw it all into the Fort ditch, and so the poor fellows lost their dinner." We have ourselves known natives throw their meals away merely because the shadow of an infidel had been cast for a moment across it. Probably instances of similar intolerance are rarer in the present day.

The Sikhs (usually pronounced Seeks, but Tommy Atkins always called them the Sykeses, and Havelock



FAITHFUL SEPOYS.

used to say the "Six") were not the only native soldiers who remained "true to their salt," as the expression used to run. We had a good many golundâz (native gunners) doing duty with our battery all through the campaign, and they behaved splendidly. It is a satisfaction to know that these fine men were afterwards handsomely rewarded, for on more than one occasion they volunteered for especially dangerous duties. The list of their names, and some of the rewards they received, are given in the Appendix. Those conversant with Hindustani will see that many of them were Mahometans. The name of Meer Hyder Ali, which occurs amongst them, is curiously redolent of old and well-nigh-forgotten Indian lore.

It is strange how names cling to localities. In Podolia, South Western Russia, some years ago, when visiting the estate of a Russian nobleman, a peasant passed us, and exchanged the usual salute with our host, who told us that the good-humoured but dirty-looking fellow's name was Mazeppa, and that he belonged to the family of that name which furnished the famous horseman of whom we have all read. Although only peasants, they all still hold the rank of nobility.

For the most part the Indian Cavalry (sowàrs) were disloyal, although, even among them, there were some noble exceptions. Perhaps it is premature to mention him here, but the very bravest and most useful, because the most intrepid and intelligent spy

we employed, was Anjoor Tewàree, of the Gillis-ke-Pultan (Gillis's Regiment) otherwise known as the 1st Bengal Native Infantry. This man's name will frequently appear in our narrative, as he was with us all through, and proved of the very greatest service on several occasions. It may be well to notice that he also was handsomely rewarded, receiving both pension and honours, besides a comfortable "jaghir" or grant of land, of which, when we last heard, he was still in the enjoyment. In several instances the personal attachment of the Sepoys to their officers undoubtedly went far towards keeping the men staunch. In this way the courage and noble presence of Brazier certainly exercised a powerful influence over the "Regiment of Ferozpore." He had risen from the ranks, and was every inch a soldier. Throughout our marching and fighting his turban and flowing white beard were always to be seen in front of his gaunt and sinewy "Singh log" (Lion people) as they proudly named themselves. It would be invidious, where all did their best according to their lights, to single out any particular regiment for praise, but it is hard to conceive of anything more gallant than the behaviour of the Sikhs before the enemy. In common with the "Seaforth Highlanders" or "Ross-shire Buffs," they permitted themselves a certain rough familiarity with their officers, somewhat that of clansmen with their chiefs.

When a halt was called, and no fighting was imminent, squads of the tall, upright, Hebraic-visaged

Sikhs used to march into their Commanding Officer's tent, where they stood at attention in silence, with one hand raised at the orthodox salute. "What do you want, my men?" was the question in Hindustani. "May it please the protector of the poor, we want two days' leave." "What for?" "To get drunk, Sahib!" And their request being considered reasonable was usually granted. That they were ruthless, and even now and then a trifle unspeakable, is not altogether to be denied. *Sic tempora, sic mores.* And it must be admitted that, generally speaking, it was a rough-and-ready time.

Our guns and muskets were for the most part of the antiquated patterns. The 1st Madras Fusiliers were the only regiment in our force which had Enfield rifles. The "flank companies," as they were then called, of some others had been supplied with them. But this arm at that date was very far from being perfect, and the ammunition used often to "jam" in a dreadful and disappointing manner. The others used "Brown Bess," which was not a bad weapon with its very effective bayonet at close quarters. We, of the Artillery, used nothing but port-fires, priming powder, and smooth-bore guns, Armstrong's breech-loaders not having yet reached India. In fact, even the rudimentary quill tubes were not procurable, until the smart troops from England joined us, and brought friction or percussion tubes, lanyards, and similar military luxuries.

To return, however, to Allahabad (the City of God)

where we were making rapid preparations for taking the field with Havelock, his object and hope being to relieve General Wheeler's garrison at Cawnpore, and then effect the same at Lucknow, even with some latent idea of reaching the force in front of Delhi before that city fell into our hands. The latest orthography of these names, we believe, is Kànpùr, Laknao, and so on. It is to be hoped that some agreement may be arrived at as to the proper English rendering of Hindustani words, but until that happy day arrives we must stick to the ancient versions.

Lieutenant Charles Crump, of the Madras Artillery, was here attached to our battery, and was of great service in assisting to procure the necessary stores, ammunition, and so forth. But it was soon evident that it would cause considerable delay before we could equip a Horse Battery. So, rather reluctantly at first, but, as we afterwards considered, most fortunately, we were persuaded to adopt the serviceable Indian system of bullocks for drawing our guns. Here Crump was most valuable, as he had large experience of that mode of draught. He was also a facile writer, and a clever draughtsman. Had either he or Hunt survived, one of their pens would probably have done justice to our campaign. We soon got together a very complete little six-gun battery, consisting of two 6-prs., two 9-prs., and two 12-pr. howitzers; together with the requisite ammunition waggons, forge cart, etc., etc. The different kinds of ammunition were rather confusing to the men at first, but, as will be

seen, that difficulty was very speedily surmounted. Owing to the writer's absence from England, some misstatements have crept into the various histories that have been written of the Mutiny Campaign. These need not be particularised; but it may be well to state that we had no interpreter with our battery. The officers had acquired a sufficient smattering of Hindustani to be able to make themselves understood by the native drivers and others, so that the work never suffered the slightest loss or jar on this account.

Being terribly short-handed, having only 51 men left, we asked for, and at once obtained, 31 volunteers, from among those regiments of our Brigade who had been instructed in gunnery. The 64th (North Staffordshire) supplied most of these. Afterwards some came from the 84th (York and Lancaster). They had all been very well taught, and, after a few days' drill with our gunners, took a great liking to the work, to say nothing of the (small) extra pay. Without a single exception all of them behaved with the greatest gallantry, loyalty, and endurance throughout the campaign. In fact it is hard to say what we could have done without such a splendid reserve upon which to fall back. For in the short space of four months, after we took the field, we had only 23 effective gunners and N. C. officers left, out of the 58 who landed with us in Calcutta. And this was before the awful day in which we lost thirty per cent. in about half-an-hour. It is difficult to call to mind the exact number of infantry whom we "expended" in

this manner; but probably about half of those who joined us either died or were disabled by cholera, dysentery, wounds, or exposure to the sun.

During the looting of the merchants' stores at Allahabad, the Sikhs had secured a great many dozens of excellent champagne and moselle. The Commissariat Department, very wisely, bought these up at a trifling price, and then, in order to make room in their "go-downs" for sterner munitions of war, they retailed the wine at the liberal rate of one shilling (eight annas) a bottle. At this moderate figure we felt justified in piling a few dozen on a couple of our spare ammunition waggons. It is a pleasure now to remember that nearly the whole of it was very shortly afterwards consumed by sick or wounded officers. A few bottles, it is true, we drank ourselves, and some were *re-annexed* by Messrs. T. Atkins & Co., of the — Regiment. Possibly those worthies had become aware of the small cash value of the enticing potable. But, on the other hand, it is an open question whether they would have exercised greater abstinence if it had been "Dry Monopole," at a hundred and sixty shillings a dozen.

In a very few days we were fairly ready; but just before we started there came the appalling news of the surrender of the British garrison at Cawnpore, and of their massacre, in the boats, by the rebel Sepoys under the Nana's orders. But the slaughter of the remaining women and children did not take place until some time later.

It occurs to me to place on record here that Neill had great difficulties to contend against when he was dispatched with all speed to save the Fortress of Allahabad. He left Benares on the 9th of June, having received instructions from the Acting Commander-in-Chief, Sir Patrick Grant (now Field Marshal), to take command at the former station as soon as he arrived there. The only European troops he had under his orders at the time were composed of his own regiment, the 1st Madras (now the 102nd Royal Dublin) Fusiliers, and a handful of volunteer horse, consisting mainly of officers of disbanded regiments, and perhaps thirty Invalids of the Bengal Artillery. He had even some difficulty in procuring the means of leaving Benares, owing to the disturbed state of the surrounding country. At last he started, with 44 of his Fusiliers, who were under the immediate orders of Captain (now Lieut.-General Sir John) Spurgin, of the same regiment. In his own account of the affair Neill was generous enough to say that he attributed his being able to reach Allahabad entirely to the energy of that excellent officer, and to the exertions of the gallant band he commanded.

The distance between the two towns is 70 miles, which they accomplished in two night-marches. They had secured a few "palkee-garees," into which the men were crowded, and these were then dragged and pushed along by natives. Several times they were in imminent danger. On one occasion the Brigadier's

"palkee" was separated from the rest who were on ahead, and a crowd of armed natives surrounded it. Neill wanted to return to Benares, but in obedience to a signal some of the "blue caps" came back at the double and rescued their chief. On another occasion, many hundreds of villagers threatened the party; but the Fusiliers fixed their bayonets, and marched on each side of their "garees," which were pushed through the crowd.

On their arrival at the banks of the river Ganges, they found that the bridge of boats was in the hands of the rebels, who had two six-pounder guns on the opposite bank, sweeping the bridge. So the Brigadier's party went about a mile lower down, where, after much difficulty, they procured a large native boat, and had great trouble in getting on board of her, as they had to carry a lot of their men, who were down with sunstroke. General Neill was himself placed on board in a fainting condition; but they revived him by pouring quantities of water over his head and chest. On pushing off, they found that the boat leaked, and was sinking. So Spurgin called for volunteers to walk down the riverside and procure another. Almost every man volunteered, and those selected had to march for two miles through the heavy sand, in a broiling sun. Several of them sank and died from sheer exhaustion. At last the remainder reached the Fort, and found that, most Providentially, the "Ferozpore Sikhs," who held it, still remained loyal, although many men of their

sister corps, the "Loodhiana Sikhs," had gone over to the enemy. So Neill, very wisely, put all his "Neel-topee-wallahs" into the Fort, and quartered the Sikhs outside, without offending or offering to suspect the latter. Nor was there in reality any actual reason for suspicion. Although, with their usual engaging frankness, they afterwards told our force that they had seriously debated among themselves as to whether they should remain loyal or not. But the preponderance of opinion among them was that the British would eventually succeed in the campaign, and so they very prudently resolved to back the winners.

While writing this, Lord Roberts's recent speech at the Mansion House, London, comes very *à propos*, and no man living is a better authority on Indian military matters. That distinguished Commander dwelt upon the necessity of "maintaining our prestige unimpaired, so that the belief of the natives in the stability of our rule shall not be shaken, as the political and military complications, which would be the inevitable result of any appearance of timidity or vacillation on our part, would involve the Government of India in continually increasing expenditure."

To return to Neill and his brave Fusiliers: before leaving Benares he had sent out Lieutenant Arnold, with 50 Fusiliers, on the 6th of June, and Lieutenant Beaumont, with 57 Fusiliers, on the 7th, to restore order along the road between that city and

Allahabad. Both of these gallant officers performed their duty with great spirit, judgment, and success, evincing both vigour and decision in clearing away all opposition. They were then ordered to throw themselves into the Fort of Allahabad, which they did, arriving there in the very nick of time, namely, on the day following the mutiny at that station. General Neill attributed the saving of the Fort to the arrival of the former; while the latter reached it on the following day (the 9th of June). But he did not consider the Fort by any means secure until he had beaten off the insurgents in its neighbourhood, and put Brazier's Regiment outside of it. Immediately on his own arrival there he set to work to attack the enemy in every direction. But the total want of carriage and camp equipage prevented him from moving out as far as he wished, although, on the 15th of June, he sent out all his force to attack the enemy in the suburbs of the City nearest the Fort; at the same time sending the *Burrampoota* steamer, with one gun and 50 Fusiliers, a little way up the river for the same purpose.

# CHAPTER II.

e dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day—
The great, the important day—big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.

ADDISON.

## ON THE ROAD TO CAWNPORE.

As we started on our march, in a drenching rain, in the afternoon of the 7th of July, we were all a good deal impressed by the scowling and even menacing looks of hatred that were cast upon us by the crowds of natives, mostly Mahommedans, who lined the road-side. Our total force, including Renaud's, consisted of just two thousand men. Of these, fourteen hundred were British. Namely: 76 Royal Artillery (including the volunteers from the line); 376 of the 1st Madras (now the Royal Dublin) Fusiliers; 435 of the 64th (North Staffordshire) Regiment; 284 (Seaforth) 78th Highlanders; 190 of the 84th (York and Lancaster) Regiment; together with 20 Volunteer Horse, and 22 Bengal (Invalid)

Artillerymen. The Ferôzpore Sikhs numbered 448; and there were in addition nearly 50 Native Cavalry. But most of the latter behaved badly in our second action, and were instantly disarmed.

Although the number of fighting men was small, the cavalcade made an imposing appearance. Our *impedimenta*, as Julius Cæsar calls them, were reduced, it is true, to unusually small limits; but still we took the field with an equipment, in regard to tents and some other matters, according to the stately fashion which is still *de rigueur* for an Indian Army on the march. The transport of these required a goodly number of admirably-trained 'tusker" elephants, which, for the most part, were laden with our tents. There were also long strings of cross-looking camels, whose guttural protests against the putting-on of their burdens in the middle of the night used to make those hours, to us, hideous indeed. Then there were bullock hackeries almost without number, besides the peripatetic meal for the morrow, which consisted of minute and skinny sheep. Lastly there were the suggestive "dhoolies," or covered stretchers, each carried by four bearers; empty that afternoon, but very soon to be filled to repletion with their ghastly load of sick, wounded, and dying. Some idea may thus be formed of the immense line which it was the duty of the baggage guard to marshal and protect, extending, as it of course did, far beyond, and probably outnumbering, our Legionaries. But very considerable reductions

CAMEL-DÂK: DHOOLIE IN FOREGROUND.

were subsequently made, from various causes, in our baggage train.

The Commissary-General of our force, who is now Lieut.-General G. S. Macbean, C.B., invented a very neat arrangement, which much simplified the finding and distribution of our baggage. He had a set of little flags made, which were carried on every hackery, camel, elephant, or other mode of transport, by which the dhoolies or baggage of each corps were easily identified as they came up at the end of a long march. One man sufficed to point out their destination in camp, or, in case of need, help was sent back to them to get them out of awkward places on the road. The Madras Fusiliers had little light blue flags for this purpose; the 64th, red; the 78th, tartan, or, when that failed, green; the 84th, yellow; the Sikhs, black; the Staff, red and blue; red and white for the Cavalry; while the Artillery had white flags.

It was the height of the rainy season, which is also the hottest, in Bengal. We had to make forced marches; first in order to effect a junction with the little force under Major Renaud, who was keeping the road open, about 40 miles beyond us, in the direction of Cawnpore, and then to hurry on in the hope of saving the remainder of the British fugitives. Renaud had two field guns (6-pounders) and nearly 400 infantry, most of whom belonged to his own (or rather Colonel Neill's) Regiment, the Madras Fusiliers. We marched as much as possible during

the night, so as to avoid the intense heat of the sun, the *réveille* usually sounding about 1 a.m., and the camp being pitched a little before noon. The steam from the wet ground and our sodden tents, together with the myriads of insects, put both our valises and our patience to the severest tests. On the first night a colony of white ants, also probably on the march or the war path, bored a large hole clean through the lower part of my portmanteau, traversing *en route* a pair of gold-laced overalls, which of course were completely ruined. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Thus our last item of finery disappeared.

Indeed, that was the first thing lacking, namely, uniform, and it was quite impossible to replace it. Havelock was greatly scandalised at Eardley Maitland's "get up," which consisted of neither more nor less than a well-fitting *juste-au-corps* suit, of a sap-green colour, and a soft drab felt wide-awake, which, although unmilitary in appearance, had done excellent service in the Ceylon jungle. On our arrival at Cawnpore he was enabled to rig himself out in blue, with red stripes and facings, but the only cloth procurable was of that cerulean tint which the Artillery had discarded since the year 1844. As to my own clothing, I began with a "meerzai," or scarlet cotton tunic, over which was the regulation white cartouche belt and black pouch, leather-strapped regimental overalls, and forage cap with white cover and puggree. At our third fight the "meerzai" took fire, and I narrowly escaped being severely burnt, so

fell back on some tussore-silk coats, which were nearly white, and could be easily washed.

It may be imagined, therefore, that the wardrobes of our poor gunners were of the scantiest; so much so, indeed, that when the forces united, early in the following Spring, preparatory to the capture of Lucknow, only one man had a vestige of uniform, he being the proud possessor of a jacket, which had belonged to the kit of a deceased Bengal Artilleryman. The other regiments of our force were dressed in white, or the nearest approach to it procurable, the Madras Fusiliers alone wearing blue covers to their caps (nil topees), pronounced "Neil." The Highlanders did not wear their kilts. The Sikhs had turbans, tight-fitting white pantaloons, and sandals.

Havelock, Neill, and Outram always wore a General's undress blue frock coat, with a forage cap and large white cover, except Neill, who stuck to the old "sola topee," or pith helmet. Havelock had drab-coloured water-proof leggings, which also covered his feet, being buttoned down the whole length of his leg. His figure was slight and small, but neat and erect. He was always well-mounted, and a good rider, quick of speech, too, and ready of retort, grandiloquent and Napoleonic in his style both in writing and in conversation. He knew infantry and brigade movements thoroughly well. Everybody knows that he was God-fearing and blameless in his life, yet he was sterner and more severe than seems to be generally understood. His face was older than his years, and much tanned

by the Indian sun; his moustache, whiskers, and beard being rather long and perfectly white. The omission of these in his statue in Trafalgar Square deprives an otherwise good likeness of some of his characteristics as we knew him.

The writer was only attached to Neill's brigade for a short time, and did not see very much of him, but his statue at Ayr was executed from some capital sketches of the deceased General made by Colonel Gordon, who was on his Staff. For a more minute description of Neill, the reader is referred to that by Mr. Sherer in the following pages.

Outram was, and looked, several years younger than Havelock, his hair being still dark, although somewhat grizzled. His figure was stout, while his rather short neck and the purple veins in his face spoke too truly of asthma, from which he was a great sufferer, and which eventually carried him off. A kinder, braver, or more noble heart never beat than that of James Outram. There was not a single petty thought, much less a mean one, in his whole mind. Sir Charles Napier (who, by the way, afterwards hated him cordially), rightly named him "the Bayard of India." His statue on the Thames Embankment is an excellent likeness, and leaves nothing to be desired.

In the first two days of our march towards Cawnpore we passed several dead bodies hanging from trees on the road. These had been executed by Renaud's men, presumably for complicity in the

Mutiny; but I am afraid some innocent men suffered, for a comrade who ought to know says that "Renaud was rather inclined to hang *all black creation*." In every case, where the feet were near the ground, pigs (either wild or belonging to the villagers) had eaten the lower part of the bodies; the stench from the latter, in the moist still air, being intolerable.

One day, while riding along the road, Havelock suddenly asked me "how long it would take to bring a gun into action," as there was a village a little way ahead, the inhabitants of which were said to be unfriendly to us. "A little less than a minute, sir," I replied. "Very well!" he said, "I shall time you." Naturally, we took some legitimate precautions, such as estimating the probable distance, preparing a couple of shells, etc. As soon as we came abreast of the village, which was about 800 yards from the road, he ordered us to open fire upon it. Unfortunately I forgot that a smart shower had fallen an hour or two before, which had damped the tops of our port-fires, so a delay of a few seconds arose in lighting them, as we had to chop off the tips before doing so. However, within the minute we popped two shells, rather neatly, into the village; with what result we never heard, but doubtless greatly to the astonishment of the natives. I asked Havelock if he had timed us, adding that we should have been a few seconds quicker, only that we couldn't light our port-fires. "Not able to light your port-fires!" he exclaimed.

"*Then keep them always lighted!*" A low bow and a salute were the only reply we ventured to offer, for, as it is unnecessary to remind the gunners of the period, it was not an order that could have been strictly and literally obeyed. At an outside computation, our whole stock of port-fires would not have lasted forty-eight hours. Probably the General was thinking of our "slow matches," which, however, we always kept burning on the march. It was certainly a case where that golden military rule, "Obey first, and complain afterwards," was best honoured in the breach.

On the morning of Sunday, the 12th of July, 1857, after a march of 24 miles, we were halted, and the ground was marked out for our camp, the centre, where our guns were, being under a delightful "tope" (clump) of fine mango trees. The bugle had just sounded for breakfast, for which we were more than ready, and we had even got most of our tents pitched. Suddenly our reconnoitring party and cavalry came in at a gallop, followed by a few round shot. The bugles at once rang out the alarm; and instantly leaving our tents, the whole force fell in, in beautiful order, and were at once moved off to the attack, in direct echelon of regiments from the right. I hastily made the disposition of our artillery, which, with the two guns under Lieutenant Harward of the Bengal Artillery, who had joined us with Renaud's force, amounted to eight guns. We advanced in line: I took the two guns on the road myself; while each of

the three subalterns had a sub-division of two, and conformed to the movements of the infantry

We opened fire at 800 yards; our second round disabled their leading guns; so perceiving that their fire was silenced, and that they were falling back in confusion, we limbered up on the road, and advanced to the enemy's guns. But as we did so, the infantry of the latter halted, and appeared inclined to re-form; while, at the same moment, a large body of cavalry advanced down the road towards us. So we came into action again at 650 yards; and, at the first shot, the cavalry turned about and bolted, leaving in view two elephants, two heavy guns, and a large body of infantry. We peppered into these so smartly that they could not stand to their guns; which latter, by the way, when we came up to them, we found to be loaded, and turned them upon the retreating masses.

Stuart Beatson (our D. A. A. G.) and Fraser-Tytler (D. Q. M. G.) were at this time close beside me on the road, and urged me to "knock over that chap on the elephant." Accordingly I dismounted, and laid the gun myself, a 9-pr., at "line of metal" (700 yards) range; and, as luck would have it, my first shot went in under the beast's tail, and came out at its chest, of course rolling it over, and giving its rider a bad fall. This was the thirteenth and last elephant I ever shot; but in subsequent actions we lost several of our own. It was said at the time that the man on the elephant was Tantia Topee, who

afterwards showed some courage and a good deal of military aptitude, giving us a lot of trouble. But his fall that day certainly completed the panic of the enemy, who, it should be remarked, were at the same time being well pounded on the flanks; and in almost as little time as it takes to write it the battle of Futtehpore was won.

The truth is that the rebels were completely taken by surprise. They were moving down, in very fair style, to attack, as they thought, Renaud's little force, which would probably have fallen an easy prey to them, the more especially as nearly half his men were Sepoys, whose loyalty was not too surely to be relied upon. But to return to the details of the little fight.

Stuart Beatson, Fraser-Tytler, and myself raced up to the guns, and the former was, I think, the first to touch one of them with the point of his sword. Some of the skirmishers of the Madras Fusiliers, and our two guns, came up a very few seconds later. The elephant was still alive, but groaning. By its side lay a handsome silver-mounted "chowree," which one of the Fusiliers picked up, and sold to Major Renaud, at whose auction I bought it three or four days afterwards. The chowree is the bushy tail of a "yak," or Thibet ox. It is the emblem of Royalty in India. On grand occasions, such as State dinners and the like, the Viceroy always has two native servants standing behind his chair, each holding a chowree.

Near the elephant a wounded Sepoy was lying, with a thigh badly smashed. As we passed I saw a Fusilier go up to him with his rifle cocked. The poor creature joined his hands together, crying piteously "Amân ! Amân !" (pardon !) "In the name of the Company" (E. I. C.) I added an entreaty that a wounded man should not be shot. But Beatson overruled me, saying sternly that there would be "no mercy shown in that campaign." Accordingly the Fusilier promptly blew the man's brains out. Although a good deal shocked at the time, I confess that subsequent events very much deadened our susceptibilities. And most people will probably agree with Beatson in thinking that, at all events during actual hostilities, a mutineer, taken in arms against his comrades, should be put to death without mercy.

Although our cannonading had taken only a few minutes' time, we found the road strewn with dead and wounded men and bullocks, besides broken carts, tumbrils, etc. The entrance to the village of Futtehpore (the town of victory) was jammed with guns and waggons. One of the regiments engaged against us was the 1st B.N.L.I (Gillis-ke-Pultan) or Gillis's regiment. It was then frequently the custom to name the regiment after some officer of distinction who had been for some time identified with it. As I have said, Anjoor Tewaree belonged to it, and instantly after this day's action he came and surrendered himself, explaining that he was a comparatively young soldier

(although a "Naik" or Corporal) and had been led away by the others. He admitted having been a witness of the disasters of General Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore; also of the surrender, massacre in the boats, and other incidents.

We captured an immense quantity of guns, ammunition, stores, uniform, and baggage, on the 12th and 13th, besides some large sums in rupees, which were intended for the payment of the rebel troops. A civilian serving in the Volunteer Horse thus described his share of the loot that day: "After having a little grub at 2.0 p.m. I sallied out to see what was to be had. A Major-General's shabrac edged with gold lace, an English leathern valise, two good 'durries' (small carpets), a cashmere 'choga' (long coat), a pistol, a lot of puggree cloth, some horse trappings, and a poll-parrot, proved a valuable addition to my stock of property." And this was a fair specimen of what the others got.

On the 13th, while riding through the town to collect and classify the captured ordnance, I came upon Sibley and another distinguished member of Havelock's Staff, the former being the Paymaster of the Forces, who were sitting by the side of the road hastily stuffing their pockets, holsters, and handkerchiefs with as much coin as they could carry. I called to them, "All right! I'll go shares," to which they agreed, though ruefully; but I never claimed my proportion. Nor did I at any time take any plunder, except what I received on one occasion,

which will be narrated. I am happy to say, however, that our gunners picked up several hundreds of rupees that day. These they tied up roughly in gunny bags, and deposited in Sibley's Field Treasure Chest. Twelve months afterwards the bags were all identified and claimed; and although several of them had completely rotted, the exact value of their contents had been noted, and was either handed to the survivors or paid to the next-of-kin of the deceased owners. At that time Prize Agents had not been appointed. But the question of "loot" deserves more particular mention at a later period.

From the ordnance captured that day I made up a complete 9-pounder battery, five of the guns being of that calibre, with one 24-pounder brass howitzer, together with ammunition-waggons and stores sufficient for several weeks' campaign. At a subsequent period I was advised, by an officer of the Bengal Artillery conversant with the customs of those days, that I had a whole field-battery equipment lying to my credit at the Paymaster-General's, and that I had only to prosecute my claims to receive its value in cash! Whether this was so or not I never ascertained, for just at that time I was ordered to England on promotion, and the matter dropped.

The comparative rest which we enjoyed during the whole of Monday was greatly needed by our force, for we had suffered dreadfully on the Sunday from fatigue, want of food, and exposure to the sun. As frequently happened afterwards, the excitement carried us on;

but the moment it was over the re-action was very great, and many collapsed from its effects. I had a near shave from sun-stroke, and it was thought I was down with it. No less than twelve men dropped dead from heat-apoplexy, although we did not lose one from the enemy's fire. The following year—that of the comet—was even hotter than '57; and the deaths from sun-stroke or heat-apoplexy, even in camp or quarters, were very numerous. In one day no less than nineteen men of the 38th (South Staffordshire) Regiment died from this cause alone.

Our tactics, as a battery, were simplified as much as possible. The trumpet-sound of the "three G's" was adopted for (our almost invariable movement) "form line to the right on the leading gun;" and the meaning having been carefully explained to the bullock-drivers they rapidly carried out the order, repeated, as it of course was, by every officer as well as by N.C. officers in charge of guns. Indeed, the docile obedience and even the calm courage of these poor black fellows were worthy of the highest praise. In our second action at Aong, where we sustained a trifling check, I noticed, it is true, some little backwardness in coming forward, so that very day I promised them double pay for every day's action, and a permanent monthly increase of their trifling wages, which Havelock sanctioned; and it can hardly be doubted that this considerably stimulated their loyalty, for we never again had the slightest fault to find with

any of them, although at times they suffered heavily; on one day alone losing nearly a third of their number. They were always in front of the column, where they got as much out of the white "Bheils" as it was possible to get, and after the day's work was over they fled, and tended the latter with the loving care of a Hindoo cattle-owner.

During our action on the 12th of July I reminded Havelock that it was an auspicious commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne, with which he heartily agreed. But a few days afterwards he told me I was wrong, and that it was "the Battle of *Aughrim* which was fought on that day"; so, presumably, he must have had access, even on the march, to excellent books of reference.

The 14th of July found us again marching and fighting, and our "first blood" was drawn that day, Major Renaud having been mortally wounded at the head of the Madras Fusiliers, and, besides other casualties, we lost a very fine young soldier, Bombardier Harding, who was wounded while laying his gun. A round-shot shattered his arm from the fingers to the elbow. "If you please, sir, may I fall out?" he said to me, saluting as if on parade, and pointing to the mangled arm. He died that evening from loss of blood.

I lost my horse that day. Having dismounted to lay Harding's gun, my syce got frightened and bolted. The mare then broke her bridle, galloped off, and joined the rebel Cavalry. She was a dun

with black points and a stripe down her back. The most comfortable beast man ever sat on, her favourite pace, and also mine, being a delicious amble. However, by Havelock's orders I was instantly provided with another, which had belonged to one of our Sowars of the 2nd Cavalry, who, having been considered disloyal, had been disarmed. My new charger had a fresh bullet-wound in his flank, from which, however, he never seemed a penny the worse; nor was his *sang froid* under fire in the least affected, though he was rather a sluggish brute. I sold him a year afterwards to Colonel Evan Maberly, R.A.

That day's fight at Aong held us in check for two hours, and shewed the rebels the advantage they gained by holding a good strategical position; while it taught us the necessity of following them as swiftly as possible, so as not to give them time to fortify themselves, especially at the mouths of villages, through which the Grand Trunk Road continually led us.

During the battle of Aong we had suffered rather severely. In addition to Harding we lost an Invalid (Bengal) Artilleryman, killed, and a N.C.O. wounded, four gun-bullocks killed, and one native driver terribly wounded; one of our guns being struck in two places but not rendered unserviceable. The enemy's skirmishers came out from the village in excellent order, and were hotly engaged with ours on the left. It was by them that Major Renaud was mortally wounded. We were also threatened on both

flanks by the Cavalry, and twice loaded with canister to receive them; but they could not make up their minds to charge "home." However, at last the enemy were cleared out of the village, and, entering it, in almost the first store my gunners found several casks full of commissariat porter. They asked leave to tap one of them, to which I had not the least objection; but the barrels seemed to have been left so temptingly handy that I was suspicious of poison. Consequently I called for two "volunteer tasters" to step forward, to each of whom we handed a foaming beaker holding about a quart. After waiting fifteen minutes, and finding that no ill-effects followed, we all partook of the excellent tipple, pushed on through the village, and halted on the other side, in the sun, while our wounded were looked to, and we cleaned our guns, shifted ammunition, etc., etc., for the duties of artillerymen are very far from being completed when an action is over.

After a short halt we again moved on, in the usual column formation. We soon found ourselves in a tope of mango trees, among which there suddenly came crashing several 24-lb. shot, which were very well aimed, killing and wounding two or three of the infantry. I at once deployed the battery into line, and advanced in this order; taking the guns on the road myself, assisted by Lieutenant Crump of the Madras Artillery. Maitland (R.A.) and Harward (Bengal Artillery) each commanded a sub-division on the respective flanks. But on both sides of the road,

this being the rainy season, the ground was very heavy and uneven; so that, as we advanced smartly along to try conclusions with the enemy's 24-prs. we were nearly alone, and presented a fair mark for their guns. But one of the points which they scarcely ever seized, fortunately for us, was to depress their guns so as to meet advancing troops. Consequently, although some of their shots aimed at us did a little damage to our right and left rear, we only lost two gun-bullocks and one native driver, killed, in that advance. Then, coming into action at 600 yards range, we commenced our usual duel, and, by a most wonderful Providence, in three rounds of spherical case-shell, we broke both the sponge-staves of their heavy guns, which were beautifully posted, so as to sweep the bridge over the Pandoo Nuddee (or river). They made an attempt to blow up the bridge, but the plan seems to have been unskilfully executed; and our fire on the bridge was by that time exceedingly heavy, so the attempt failed. Meantime our guns and infantry on both flanks had steadily advanced, and had driven the enemy from the left bank of the Nuddee. But they retired in good order, and at once made excellent preparations for meeting us on the morrow. It was in this last action that my "meerzai" took fire. We camped on the left bank; buried our dead, among whom was poor Harding, and tried to get some sleep; but there was an alarm of fire in the night which completely broke our rest, and before daylight we were again *en route*.

After a tremendous march, most of which was made in a broiling sun, we arrived at the village of Maharajpore, about six miles from Cawnpore, where we halted. Here we were met by Anjoor Tewaree and another spy, who told us that the Nana was occupying a very strong position at the junction of the roads leading to that city, where his whole force was drawn up; *moorchas* (earthworks) being thrown up across the road, and his guns posted behind them.

Havelock called all his commanding officers together and explained to us his proposed plan of attack, the spies at the same time drawing in the dust of the road a clever sketch of the enemy's position. He invited any suggestions or improvements we might have to offer, but his dispositions appeared to us to be admirable. Turning to young Captain Currie, who had just come up with us and taken command of the detachments of the gallant 84th Regiment, he said to him: "Young as you are, sir, if you come out of to-day's affair with credit I promise you your promotion to Major." Currie bowed, and smilingly thanked the General. But, by a strange chance, one of the first round-shots fired by the enemy (a 24-pounder) carried away nearly the whole of the lower part of poor Currie's body, inflicting a most ghastly wound. Yet he lingered for nearly three days, mainly, as we were told, owing to the support he received from my champagne.

A similar diet also prolonged the life of Stuart

Beatson, who was taken ill of cholera towards the end of that day's fight, and who lay during most of it on one of my ammunition waggons, utterly exhausted and prostrate, but preserving his cool intellect and courage throughout the whole of that trying afternoon. His death was a very great loss to our force, and especially to our battery, with whom he was constantly present at the head of the column. Being our D.A. Adjutant-General and a tried soldier his advice was frequently of great service, and was always freely tendered, but never obtrusively; nor did he ever attempt to interfere with any technical details. When he died Lieutenant H. M. Havelock (now Lieutenant-General Sir Henry) was appointed to his post.

But Henry Moorsom, of the 52nd Light Infantry, our D.A. Quartermaster-General, replaced him as our kind friend and counsellor, sharing our meals with us, and joining us in every fight and skirmish, until, at the capture of Lucknow in the following Spring, he met a soldier's death in the moment of victory, by one of the very last shots fired by the enemy.

The following details of the Battle of Cawnpore have been collected from various sources, some of which are given in the Appendix, having been mostly written, in private letters, to friends in England, the day after the engagement, and published in English newspapers. General Havelock's account has been frequently given to the world. About six

weeks after the action I was directed by the Commanding Officer R.A., who had just arrived at Allahabad from England, to write an account of the proceedings. Accordingly, after careful consultation with my colleagues at Cawnpore, I wrote the despatch from which I have taken most of the following descriptions, having been enabled to do so by the courtesy of the Honorary Secretary of the Royal Artillery Institution, in whose "Occasional Papers," Vol. I., it appeared, about three years after it was written.

At Maharajpore, where we left our sick, wounded, and baggage, we had halted, for two hours, to get a little rest and food, and we again started, at 1.30 p.m., dreadfully tired, and with the sun fearfully bright. We had not gone five hundred yards before the men began to fall out, lying down on the right and left of the road. Several of them died from sun-stroke; others, who were not able to stagger back to the baggage, were cut to pieces by the enemy's Cavalry, who came down between us and it, when we made our flank movement. When we came within about a mile from their position we moved off the road to the right, and though we were a little too near them when we executed this movement, and so lost several men in the column by the fire of their heavy guns, yet we succeeded in turning their left flank, and as soon as we had done so we came into action, at 900 yards' range, and commenced to engage the guns on their

left. These, however, were so well protected by the "moorcha," as well as by being hidden in a tope of trees, that it was some time before we could silence them. Besides which, their plan always was to run away from the gun, as long as we were firing at them; then, when they saw us limbering up, they would usually, unless they had lost several of their gunners, return to their guns and blaze away again.

The enemy's guns on the left being at length completely silenced, we advanced again, to engage those which they had on their extreme right, and which were also in a topé of trees. After three or four rounds these were entirely deserted, one of them having had a piece taken clean out of its muzzle, like a scoop of cheese, by a shot from one of my guns. I rode up with the 64th Regiment into the tope of trees where the enemy had made their stand. As we did so we came under a hot musketry fire, from the railway embankment, which faced us, and behind which the rebels had retired, there being a very deep "jheel," or ditch, between us and the railway. With the assistance of the 64th I turned the enemy's guns upon their Infantry and dispersed them. A gunner named Batley then came up, and, at my desire, spiked the guns.

We then returned to the main road, which was on our right, and halted upon it. Here Fraser-Tytler (D.A.Q.M.G.) rode up, and told me to form my Battery in line upon the road, and halt there, as that

would be the centre of our camp. Also that the Infantry were going to advance a short distance, to clear a village in front of us, but that they would return, and form the camp where we then were. He then rode off and left us, while we proceeded to carry out his orders. But, while doing so, we were at once threatened by Cavalry on both sides of us, who came so near that we had to bring our flank guns into action "right" and "left" respectively, while, at the same time, a dropping, but gradually increasing, fire commenced in our rear, from the enemy's Infantry on the railway embankment, so we had to keep a sharp look-out with a couple of guns in this direction also. After about half-an-hour of this work two of their guns opened out on our left front, to which we also turned our attention, with three of our guns, at about 1,500 yards range. So that we were actually facing towards all four points of the compass at the same time, all the while being *utterly without support.*

Just then there came an order for us to "advance." This, with our tired bullocks and men, the fearfully heavy ground in front of us, and also in view of our previously received order, I at first hesitated to do. I turned to Stuart Beatson (D.A.A.G.), who was lying on one of my waggons, and asked him what he advised. He said he "thought it would be better to wait a little." But at that moment Hargood came up with a pressing order to advance to the succour of the Infantry, saying that he thought he could pick

out a fairly good bit of road. So we limbered up and plunged into the sodden ground.

If the Cavalry, who were close to us, had possessed one atom of dash, they could have taken the whole of our eight guns at that moment without losing a dozen men. However, as it was, we most Providentially arrived in time to prevent an attack upon our tired handful of Infantry by the whole force of the enemy, who, seeing them without Artillery and lying down, were re-forming in beautiful order. On our again coming up with the force we were loudly cheered by the latter, and the whole line advanced just at that moment. When we got clear through the plantation, under cover of which the rebels had rallied, we fired a few shots at their retreating Cavalry, and emptied several saddles. Thus ended the Battle of Cawnpore. We then bivouacked on the ground about a mile and a half in front of the originally intended camp, without food or baggage of any sort whatever.

In the night the alarm rang out, and a muffled cry was raised that "the Cavalry were on us." And no doubt they would have been, but that they saw we were ready for them, for they came close up in large numbers and in good order. To the credit of our noble fellows be it said, in a moment every man fell in with his gun-detachment in rear of his gun, and they were "doubled" to their places by a whispered word of command; but not a word was spoken aloud, nor a single port-fire lighted.

It was, indeed, an honour to command such men. But the Cavalry retired as quickly as they came up, and we again laid down to snatch a few moments' rest, with our saddles for pillows.

During the day's action two noteworthy events had occurred. One was that, while speaking to Maitland, one of the enemy's round-shots passed between his face and my own. We were distant about six feet from one another. Maitland, who was certainly one of the coolest of the men in our force, only smiled. He had his nerves so well under control that he had brought himself to be able to hear, and actually sometimes to see, a shot pass close to him without even winking. I confess I never arrived at that point, though I do not believe more than two or three men in our battery ever even bobbed their heads. *That* was considered "bad form" among "the Royal gunners." But the other incident is somewhat of a contradictory nature. In the middle of the action one of the sergeants reported to me that a certain gunner, whose name we will suppress, had lost his nerve, and was confusing the ammunition which it was his duty to serve out. It was difficult to find a suitable remedy; but it occurred to the writer to threaten, in a solemn manner, that if a similar complaint was again made, the delinquent should be tied on to one of the waggon-limbers and brought into action seated in this conspicuous manner. The poor young fellow managed to overcome his nervousness, and did excellent work from that hour.

In the morning Cawnpore was seen in front of us, and not long after daybreak the large powder-magazine was blown up by the Nana's orders, he then retiring altogether from the town. The explosion, which shook the ground under our feet, was a grand sight, the smoke and dust having the appearance of a great plume of ostrich feathers, not unlike those of the Prince of Wales. Not long afterwards we re-established communication with our baggage, and some food was brought in, we having tasted none for twenty hours. Some of us went into the ruined and devastated, but still beautiful, town.

I believe the first who entered the awful human slaughter-house were Moorsom and Battine, with their two orderlies. Later in the day most of us visited it, and many a vow of vengeance was uttered over those sad remains, the last of the poor victims having been massacred only the morning before; the smell of the still reeking human blood was dreadful, and a thing never to be forgotten. We halted on the Cavalry Parade Ground that day; then we were marched through the city to our camp, which was pitched on a rather swampy piece of ground six miles on the other side of Cawnpore.

Much fault has been found, by critical commentators on our campaign, with the locality chosen for our first encampment in Cawnpore. I confess that it has always seemed to me an admirable strategical position, in regard to the apparent exigencies of the moment, inasmuch as it lay just outside the city, astride and

near the junction of the two main roads, which led to Calpee and Bithoor respectively.

We knew that the Gwalior Contingent, consisting of ten thousand well armed troops, had mutinied *en masse* at the former station, and were almost daily expected to arrive by the one road; while the Nana's stronghold lay some 16 miles distant along the other. It is true that, mainly, as I think, owing to the rains, the spot upon which we were encamped proved very unhealthy. But so did the soil of Oudh; and the caprices of cholera are matters which I am not competent to discuss, although I had an attack of it while in Dhacca. It was also a fact that the site for the *tête du pont* was afterwards fixed upon a little lower down the Ganges, because of the neighbourhood of some islands there, which facilitated our crossing and re-crossing the river. But the other side of the picture is shown by the ease with which the Gwalior rebels were enabled, at a later stage, to invest Cawnpore completely, before they were dislodged.

So that the choice which Havelock made, guided, doubtless, by his very able Quartermaster-General, seems to me to have been wise and prudent.

# CHAPTER III.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

POPE.

## STAFF OFFICERS OUT OF PLACE.

Before passing on to the next part of our campaign a few words are necessary to the better understanding of the battle before Cawnpore. Perhaps one ought not to criticise Havelock's despatch concerning that action too severely—for we all know that *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*; and no one is more conscious than the writer of the many anxious moments, even of some *mauvais quarts d'heure*, which he has himself experienced. But it may be said in all kindness that towards the close of that trying day our little force was just a trifle demoralised. Not altogether from fear of shot and shell, but mainly from utter fatigue, joined to our want of Cavalry,

which prevented us from profiting by the advantages that had been won by our Artillery and Infantry; and lastly, by the contradictory orders which we received from the various members of the Staff. The excessive number of cooks, in fact, who went very near spoiling that kettle of soup. All this had given rise to a sort of sulky feeling, of having been let in for something altogether beyond the day's work, which we had been led to believe was quite over. It must be admitted that we were not justified in indulging any such sentiment; but that the feeling is not uncommon, even amongst the best soldiers, most old campaigners will confess. That a single gun in the open should have caused "considerable loss to four regiments," *who were lying down in line* (by the way, the Sikhs were not thoroughly trusted), was extremely creditable to the rebel gunners who served that gun. But surely, even in the absence of our Artillery, one gun ought not to have been allowed to pepper four British Regiments for the length of time which it is admitted to have done. With reference to the well-known and much-discussed episode of the advance of the 64th—it is well known that the younger Havelock was recommended by his father for the Victoria Cross, for placing himself at their head on that occasion, and that this recommendation led to a serious misunderstanding. Upon this subject Mr. Sherer's remarks are worthy of careful attention, inasmuch as everyone of us knew that Major Stirling was as good and gallant an officer as any in our force,

and that the same was equally true of the other officers and men of his Regiment.

Beyond question there are often moments in a long action when mounted officers, especially those on the General's Staff, feel an almost irresistible temptation to dash forward, put themselves at our head, and lead us on to glory. But it will be evident, even to non-military readers, that, putting discipline on one side, the fitness of things demands that only a most desperate and imminent crisis should ever call forth such conduct, for of course it must inevitably cast a certain amount of discredit upon the Commanding Officer, if not also upon the men of the Regiment thus "personally conducted." H. M. Havelock was only a Lieutenant, and A.D.C. to his father, while Stirling was the Major Commanding the Regiment. Unfortunately, at that time, such occurrences were not uncommon in our force, and were a fruitful cause of heart-burnings.

The following Order, which Sir Colin Campbell issued upon the subject the moment the despatches came under his notice, shows what his opinion of them was:

"General Order by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. Allumbagh, 25th November, 1857.

"It is a painful thing for the Commander-in-Chief to have to remark publicly on the conduct of anyone; but he is determined to see the duties of the Army carried out in a military manner, and to persevere in the course he has already adopted for the attainment

of this object, namely, to mark in Orders any individual who, from negligence or ignorance of his duty, may fail to execute the particular office to which he has been appointed. Staff officers of every description, including the Aides-de-Camp of general officers, are absolutely forbidden to participate in Cavalry or Infantry attacks, unless they have a positive order to do so. Staff officers must recollect that they hold their appointments for the performance of special duties, and that to transcend the limits of those duties is to depart from the rules of the Service, and to hinder its progress. Disobedience of this order will entail the loss of appointment, and retirement to the rear."

A confession somewhat *àpropos* was made to the writer by the late General E. Moyses Reilly, Royal Horse Artillery, of an incident in which the latter played the principal *rôle*, when quite a youngster. It happened a great many years ago, at a review in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, the troops being commanded by the present Duke (then, I think, Prince George) of Cambridge. "Tim" Reilly, as he was always called, was at that date a very boyish-looking, handsome, well-mounted officer of Horse Artillery, the uniform of which branch of our Corps was quite as splendid as at present. But the Field Batteries of those days presented a most dingy appearance, especially in heavy marching order, when the ugly shakos were covered with a still more hideous oil-skin. Markland, an old Captain who had

joined the Service before Waterloo, commanded one of the Field Batteries at the review, and was mounted on a sorry-looking "battery-nag." The Prince, then as ever a very keen soldier, found fault with the position of the Battery—a fertile source of dissatisfaction on similar occasions, as most Artillery officers know to their cost. He called out to his surrounding Staff ("brilliant Staff" is the orthodox expression) "Look at that fellow Markland! Tell him, d—n his eyes, tell him to take his Battery out of that!"

"Tim," who was, it should be remembered, a young subaltern in the same regiment as Markland, was acting that day as one of the "gallopers" to the Duke. So he immediately dashed off, full tilt, and reined up suddenly a few feet from Markland, whose horse very much resented Tim's impetuous arrival. "D—n your eyes, Captain Markland, take your Battery away out of that—the Prince says."

Poor old Markham, discomposed by his battery-nag's capers, and purple with rage at the rebuff he had received before his men, spluttered out: "You will consider yourself under arrest, Mr. Reilly!" Tim cantered slowly back to H.R.H., and saluted profoundly, saying: "I gave your Royal Highness's message to Captain Markland—and—he put me under arrest!" Prince George looked sharply at him for an instant, then said "Very well, Sir!" As soon as the review was over, the Prince rode alongside of

Markland, put his hand kindly on the latter's shoulder, and said: "I am afraid Mr. Reilly took my message rather too literally, Captain Markland; I hope you will not think anything more about it." Needless to say the poor old man was thoroughly pacified, and at once released the impudent young subaltern. But that was a great while ago, and before the use of expletives went out of fashion. General Havelock never made use of them. It was, however, sometimes a question whether, in moderation, and under exceptional circumstances, they would not occasionally have been beneficial, on the safety-valve principle.

The illustrations of the locality at Cawnpore where the women and children were murdered are taken from sketches made on the spot by Lieutenant Sankey, and were published by Messrs Day and Son.

Cawnpore was infested that summer by enormous swarms of flies, which blackened everything, settling even upon each morsel of food as we lifted it to our mouths. Vultures, adjutants, and other birds of prey, had found rich sustenance in the shambles of the neighbourhood; and, guided by their wonderful instinct, they followed our column persistently, and were well rewarded for their pertinacity. Later, at Busarat Gunj, we had, among others, wounded a Sepoy, who, although not quite dead, was half sitting, half lying, by the roadside, partially covered by the water; his features writhing with pain and unextinguishable hate. We advanced a short distance

beyond the spot, and, perhaps four or five hours afterwards, retraced our steps. By this time some of these foul birds, probably the carrion crows, had pecked out both his eyes, and he was a ghastly object, as he still sat, facing the road.

Cholera and dysentery were raging among us, and we lost far more from their effects than from the enemy's fire. The following shows exactly what those losses were during six weeks, namely, from the 7th of July, the day we left Allahabad, and the 22nd August, when we were awaiting reinforcements. In that brief period 193 men died of cholera, and 66 from other diseases; besides many more in hospital. Only 64 men were killed in action, although many others died of their wounds, our total casualties being 686 out of 2,101. This includes Renaud's and Spurgin's detachments, but is exclusive of the Sikhs and other native corps, who suffered in about an equal proportion.

Extensive looting went on at first. As a Non-commissioned Officer of the 84th Regiment wrote to a friend in England: "Cawnpore is crammed full of every description of liquor, from champagne to bottled beer." Bithoor was also crammed with loot, which was brought in by the party that went to fetch the 20 pieces of ordnance which the Nana had left in his first flight from home. Shawls, tulwars, gold-embroidered coats, rich elephant trappings, kinkob in profusion, were sold for a few rupees in our camp. Among other pretty things which some of us

picked up at that time our surgeon acquired a very nice English-built buggy, or private cabriolet, worth, perhaps, £80, by the simple process of taking it out of the owner's coach-house. But it was very near being the death of him. The telegraph wires had all been cut, and were hanging down in festoons all over the place. Driving his new acquisition in what was euphemistically called "the cool of the evening," Irvine failed to notice in the dusk that one of the wires was hanging low down, right across the road. So it caught him just under the chin, and in a second he was whisked out of the trap and suspended in mid-air. However, beyond a bad bruise, he was all right again the next day.

But a stop was soon put to this system of looting. The N.C.O. of the 84th Regiment, writing a few days afterwards, says: "We have a Provost Sergeant and his Staff here now, and they would hang a European if they found him plundering, or give him a dozen on the spot if they caught him half-a-mile from his camp. But as for a native it is nothing; it is quite a common thing to have a few swung up every day. The least thing will do it." And my own experience went to confirm this.

One afternoon I strolled up, with another officer, to that part of the camp where the executions were generally carried out. One batch of fourteen men had just been hanged upon a single branch of a large "neem" tree. Several of us were looking up at the victims, and noticing the signs of life that were still visible in

some of them. Suddenly, without any warning, the neem wood being exceedingly soft and brittle, the branch gave way, and crashed down among us with its ghastly burden. Sometimes the condemned men were tied up to a stick fastened across the shafts of a cart or gig set on end. They were carried to the extempore gallows on the backs of camels or elephants. These just walked away from under them, and left the men swinging. I remember gently remonstrating with the Provost Sergeant on their mode of strangulation as being just a little cruel, and asked him, "Did he not think so?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know, Sir; I ain't heard no complaints." Very probably he had not.

But it is a difficult question to decide as to what extent severity, or even cruelty, is justified, in times so critical as those were. We had, to a man, been fearfully excited by the revolting spectacles we had just seen with our own eyes, of the fate of our country-women and their poor children. And yet, I believe our feeling was not so much of revenge, as a desire to strike terror into the hearts of those natives who were in any way either sympathising with or had been aiding and abetting in these horrors. And there is no doubt that a terrible example was necessary; although it is to be feared a good many innocent natives may have been put to death by us; and there is a gradually strengthening impression in the minds of most Englishmen that we are never justified in killing innocent people in cold blood, whatever may

be their race or colour. There is no denying that the most fearful punishments were inflicted upon such men as, in the opinion of the Judge or Officer condemning them, were guilty of any complicity in the murder of our country-men.

General Neill, who was left behind with a small force to garrison Cawnpore, during the two attempts which Havelock made to communicate with the beleaguered Lucknow garrison, wrote as follows to a friend of his in Scotland: "I have now put a stop to the plundering I found going on, by reorganising the police. I am also collecting all the property of the deceased, and trying to trace if any have survived, but as yet have not succeeded in finding one. Man, woman, and child, all seem to have been murdered. Whenever a rebel is caught he is immediately tried, and *unless he can prove a defence* he is sentenced to be hanged at once; but the chief rebels or ringleaders I make first clean up a certain portion of the pool of blood. To touch blood is most abhorrent to the high caste natives; they think by doing so they doom their souls to perdition. *Let them think so.* My object is to inflict a fearful punishment for a revolting, cowardly, barbarous deed, and to strike terror into these rebels. The first I caught was a Subahdar, or native officer, a high-caste Brahmin, who tried to resist my order to clean up the very blood he had helped to shed; but I made the Provost Marshal do his duty, and a few lashes soon made the miscreant accomplish his task. When done, he was taken out

and immediately hanged, and after death buried in a ditch at the roadside. No one who has witnessed the scenes of murder, mutilation, and massacre, can ever listen to the word 'mercy' as applied to these fiends."

Of course, the justice, or otherwise, of such executions, entirely depended upon the guilt or innocence of the persons executed. And the following story, which lately went the rounds of the English Press, would seem to show that at least one of the culprits did not admit his complicity.

The startling story is told by Mr. Forbes-Mitchell, in connection with the murder of Major A. H. S. Neill, commanding the 2nd Regiment, Central India Horse, who was shot on parade by Sowar Mazar Ali at Agra, Central India, on March 14th, 1887. It was related to him at Jhansi, by a man who was armourer in the service of Scindia, before 1857, and was at Cawnpore during the mutiny. He said that Major Neill was a son of General Neill of Cawnpore fame, and that Sowar Mazar Ali, who shot him, was a son of Suffar Ali, duffadar, 2nd Regiment, Light Cavalry, who was unjustly accused of having murdered General Wheeler at the Suttechowra ghât, Cawnpore, and was hanged for the murder after having been flogged by sweepers and made to lick up a spot of the blood-stained floor of the slaughter-house of Cawnpore. After the re-capture of Cawnpore, Suffar Ali, duffadar, was arrested in the city and accused of having cut off General Wheeler's head as he alighted from his

palkee at the Suttechowra ghât, on June 27th, 1857. This Suffar Ali stoutly denied, and pleaded that he was a loyal servant of the Company, but was compelled to join in the mutiny against his will. General Neill, however, would not believe him; so he was taken to the Slaughter House and flogged by Major Bruce's sweeper police till he cleaned up his spot of blood from the floor of the house where the women and children were murdered. When about to be hanged, Suffar Ali adjured every Mahommedan in the crowd to have a message sent to Rohtuk, to his infant son, Mazar Ali, to inform him that his father had been unjustly defiled and flogged by sweepers, by order of General Neill, before being hanged, and that his dying message to his infant son was, that he prayed God and the Prophet to spare him and strengthen his arm to avenge the death of his father on General Neill or any of his descendants.

But the fact that, during the thirty-six years which have passed since the mutiny, the above is a solitary instance of such revenge, is, on the whole, a testimony to the general fairness of our Courts Martial. And it is admitted, by those who have the best opportunity of forming an opinion, that the justice and lenity of our rule in India are, to-day, almost universally acknowledged by the two hundred millions whom we govern. Were it otherwise, it is impossible that we should not since have had serious and repeated manifestations of our unpopularity.

On the 20th of July, the same day that we were

joined at Cawnpore by Neill, a little steamer, named the *Burrampoota*, met us at the Ghât, and brought a small but welcome addition to our little force. By some most extraordinary and unaccountable omission no notice whatever seems to have been taken, so far as can be ascertained, either in General Havelock's despatches or in the public press of the day, of the services rendered by this little craft. The name of her courageous skipper was Dickson, of the H.E.I.C. Marine. The party on board consisted of 100 men of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, with two. 9-pr. guns, manned by 20 Bengal Artillery Invalid Pensioners, the whole being under the command of Captain John B. Spurgin, Madras Fusiliers (now Lieut.-General, C.S.I., and K.C.B.) with Lieutenants Arnold and Bailie, of the same regiment, both of whom were afterwards killed, Dr. Rean being in medical charge. *Mutatis mutandis*, the experiences of their little boat compare very curiously with those of Captain Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., in his famous trip to Khartoum. In both cases the handful of white men, whom they went to succour, had been massacred by a rebel soldiery. But that did not detract from the gallantry of the exploit, and we now gladly seize the opportunity of doing justice, however tardily, to Dickson and Spurgin's spirited, determined, and well-executed advance.

The original idea of the mission of the *Berhampootra* (it is difficult to know the right spelling) was entirely due to the masterful Neill,

who had ordered her to proceed to the relief of Wheeler's beleaguered garrison, in whose fall he steadfastly refused to believe. But, on the 3rd of July, just as she was starting, there came more authentic news, which made even *him* falter. So the order was changed from proceeding "at any risk and hazard," to going up the river "with caution," and keeping abreast of and in communication with Havelock's force, which, moving nearly parallel to the river, was separated from the steamer by a distance varying from five to eight miles. Still they were ordered to tow the five large native boats, full of provisions for the Cawnpore garrison. The consequence was that the steamer could only average a pace of one knot an hour against the strong current of the Ganges. But the difficulties of the *Burrampootra* were enhanced by complete ignorance of the state of the river bed, this being the first time a steamer had gone up above Allahabad.

Briefly told, the following were the military operations of the little steamer. On the 6th of July large numbers of the enemy gathered on the banks and opened fire, and it was only by landing a party of their little force, repulsing the rebels, and spiking their guns, that the British could proceed. This skirmish was thought worthy of a very handsome telegraphic despatch from Sir Patrick Grant (then Commander-in-Chief, and now Field Marshal) to Neill, congratulating the latter on the success of the affair. On the 7th the vessel passed a fort armed with heavy guns,

and had a serious engagement, being followed by the rebels the whole day. Spurgin adopted the bold and clever *ruse* of sending nearly the whole of his men back to attack their camp, meantime keeping up the fire of his own guns; on which the rebels fell back in confusion; and, in the dusk, the Fusiliers returned safely on board. On the 11th the steamer anchored, by Havelock's orders, and that day sustained a very severe cannonade from the enemy's artillery. But, except being repeatedly hulled, they had scarcely a casualty on board, they having adopted an excellent precaution in piling the whole of the men's bedding, knapsacks, and kits against the bulwarks, which effectually stopped the shot, particularly the grape; although, of course, the men's effects were riddled into rags. At this last spot the enemy had collected, and made every preparation for crossing the river, to attack Havelock's flank or rear. But the steamer's well-directed fire kept them in check, and Spurgin's men were able to destroy the whole of their boats. This, coupled with our victory at Futtehpore on the following day, had the effect of converting the Oudh rebel chief into an ally, and he sent in his submission to Spurgin on the following day.

Many chiefs, as is well known, wavered in a similar manner, both at that time and afterwards, especially in Oudh; some, however, remaining faithful to us throughout. One very powerful petty Rajah, named Mân Singh, cleverly contrived, and continued for a considerable time, "to hunt with the

hounds and run with the hare," thus saving his neck. As to the Spurgin-Dickson trip, it may fairly be said to form a brilliant page in our naval annals, and there can be little doubt that their co-operation with our force was exceedingly useful to us. When Havelock met Spurgin, at the Ghât of Cawnpore, the General said: "Well! I never expected to see *you* again!" But the latter has outlived both his Chiefs by six-and-thirty years, and, in common with a few other old comrades of the Mutiny, looks as if he will prolong his life a good way into the twentieth century.

We were obliged to take most of the Invalid (or "Veteran") Bengal Artillerymen with us into Oudh. After Cawnpore, Havelock ordered a medical report to be made as to their individual fitness. Probably few medical inspectors have been more sanguine than ours were as to the hopes of recovery on the part of their patients; nor were ailments and disabilities often treated more lightly. Havelock and myself especially coveted the twenty gunners of the Spurgin-Dickson force, and I am afraid we had much of the "press-gang" spirit in our minds when we went on board the *Burrampootra* and picked out the best of them, sorely against their will, poor fellows! One whom we impressed protested that, if I would "come down in the cabin he would show me a rupture as big as my head." But necessity over-rode compassion, and, as soon as the men had been selected, Havelock ordered them to parade, and proceeded, with the necessary pomp and circumstance, to deliver to them

a Napoleonic oration. "My men," said he, "I have come to thank you for so nobly volunteering to assist your country in the hour of her great peril." The poor fellows did not appear to realise the situation, and looked rather puzzled as to the precise meaning of the language addressed to them, when one of them stepped forward, and, saluting in a slouching sort of manner, interrupted the General by saying: "Beg pardon, Sir, we ain't no volunteers at all; we only come 'cos we was forced to come!" Ready-witted as the General was, this interruption took him so completely a-back that he utterly collapsed, and brought the parade suddenly to an end.

The mutiny at Benares has often been described, but some details have hitherto not been published. Captain (now Lieut.-General) D. S. Dodgson was Brigade-Major at that station when the mutiny broke out. The 37th Native Infantry were the ringleaders of the outbreak, and the first officer they killed was Captain Guise, of the 13th Irregular Cavalry. But for a few minutes the whole of the latter regiment remained apparently staunch, and the senior native officer urgently pressed Dodgson to place himself at their head. On receiving permission from the poor old Brigadier (Ponsonby), the former rode up and took command; but he had no sooner done so, and drawn his sword, than one of the sowars in rear unslung his carbine and fired, wounding the Brigade-Major in the elbow of the right arm, which dropped powerless, the sword falling across the

pommel of the saddle. The trooper then dashed forward and tried to cut his officer down, but another sowar, named Bisarat Ali, knocked the sword up and saved Dodgson's life. Just then the Loodhiana Sikhs, or most of them, began to fire upon their own officers, as well as upon those near them. Two of the officers fell, but the third, Ensign (now Colonel) Tweedie, was able to escape and join the European soldiers, though severely wounded in the arm. Our European force, consisting of 150 of the 10th Foot, about 45 Madras Fusiliers, and a few Bengal Artillerymen, at once rallied, Olpherts having had the presence of mind to fire some rounds of grape into the Sikhs. In a very short time the mutinous troops were driven off with considerable slaughter, and their lines were set on fire. As is well known, poor Ponsonby, who was in infirm health, utterly broke down during this action, and handed over the command to Neill.

At ten o'clock that night, news arrived that the brave Arnold, with fifty Madras Fusiliers, was at Raj Ghât, about four miles distant, with a large party of refugees, ladies, missionaries, and children, who sought shelter in Benares. Someone was wanted to show them the road, and Neill called for a volunteer. After a silence, Dodgson stepped forward, and, although still suffering severely from his wound, rode forth on this fatiguing and dangerous duty. By two o'clock in the morning he had brought the entire party safely into their temporary refuge in the Mint.

He was ably assisted in doing so by three sowars of the very regiment that a few hours before had mutinied, nearly thirty of whom, however, had remained staunch. During the day Neill sent for these fine fellows and promoted them. He took the senior of them by the hand, and made him sit down between himself and Dodgson, a rare honour at that time.

A droll affair occurred that day (5th of June). Neill suddenly received a despatch from Calcutta, ordering him to go up at once to Allahabad with an escort of his own Fusiliers. He sent word to the officer in charge of the Commissariat to prepare rations and transport for that evening. Lieutenant M——, the officer in question, had lately been promoted from the ranks, and was one of the smallest men in the army, being only about 5ft. 1in. in height. He sent over to say he was very sorry, but that it was utterly impossible to provide rations, bake bread, etc., etc., on such short notice. Upon which the stern Neill turned to his Brigade Major, and told him to "go over and tell Mr. M—— that if he doesn't supply the provisions in time, I'll hang him, and—with an oath—I mean it!" It will be remembered that the traditions of the Peninsular Campaign were nearly as fresh then as are those of the Indian Mutiny now; so probably the shade of the inflexible Picton added terror to the menace; and Dodgson took care to enforce that threat upon poor little M——, even to the bang upon the table with which it was accompanied by the terrible Brigadier. At this the Commissariat

officer fairly collapsed, and asked, in pitoous accents, what he was to do. Luckily an inspiration came into the Brigade Major's mind. "Take," said he, "a bullock cart at once, go round to the merchants' houses and buy biscuits, hams, tongues, salmon, whatever you can get, and we will be responsible." Probably British Fusiliers were never more quickly or more lavishly supplied, for, on that same evening, Neill, escorted by Spurgin and his 44 "Blue-caps," started on their celebrated march of 70 miles, reaching Allahabad, as it happened, in the very nick of time. Poor M—— saved his neck, and became the worthy father of gallant sons.

Neill's march of seventy miles in forty-eight hours has been often praised, but it is not so well known how it was accomplished. They had four or five palkee-garees, but no horses were forthcoming after the first stage had been reached, so they pressed into their service a number of villagers, who were forced to push and pull the carriages the whole distance. At one of their halting-places an armed and angry mob blocked their passage, and Neill proposed to return, but Spurgin, calling to his "Blue-caps," made them fix their bayonets and charge through the mob, while he stimulated the human draught-cattle to renewed exertion, and they got through safely. But it was a narrow shave. A moment or two more of indecision and they would all have been massacred.

# CHAPTER IV.

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful.

BYRON.

## BEFORE THE MUTINY.

Before passing on to the main subject of the work the patience of the reader is entreated while we take a short retrospect as to the condition of things in our principal Eastern possessions just previous to the outbreak of the Mutiny.

Only a very few years previous to that epoch, in reference to which the memory is still so vivid to so many of us now living, the enterprise of Waghorn had discovered and made practicable the overland route to India. But, useful as it was, when one remembers that the cramped and uncomfortable little omnibuses, drawn though they usually were by four excellent horses, barely sufficed to transport the passengers of a single P. and O. steamer across the Desert, and as those ships were very much smaller then than now, it will be clear that the accommodation

was utterly inadequate for the requirements of a campaign, such as that which the Sepoy Revolt necessitated.

Ample proof that the conditions of transport to India at that time very largely increased the difficulties with which we had to contend was afforded by the replies of Lords Panmure and Ellenborough to the Earl of Cardigan, in the House of Lords, on the 6th of July, 1857. The hero of the Balaclava Charge "was amazed to hear that the reinforcements then required in India were to be transported by sailing vessels, and not steamers;" but Lord Panmure declared that "the authorities had been assured that, in consequence of the difficulties then existing in the way of procuring steam vessels of the requisite description, and the number of intermediate points at which they would be obliged to touch, sailing vessels would reach their destination as soon as, if not sooner than, steamers." The Earl of Ellenborough, who had been Governor-General of India, said that although "steamers must be greatly improved" at the time he spoke, "since the days when he was in India, yet the best passages in his experience were those made by sailing vessels."

But the difficulties that sailing ships met with then, especially with troops on board, are scarcely realised in these days of powerful and gigantic steamers, with all their modern luxuries and appliances.

It was within the writer's personal experience that at the period referred to not only was the communication with, as well as throughout, India of the most primitive kind, but the social condition of the inhabitants, whether native or British, was characterised by a feeling of complete security. Peace, it is true, had not long been made with Burma, but it was believed to be durable throughout the country. It had happened that in 1854 those very eminent medical authorities, Benjamin Brodie and Prescott Hewett, had ordered the writer to take a long sea voyage. In this way, although a lieutenant of less than seven years' service, he had the advantage of visiting India during almost the last of the palmy days of the Honourable East India Company.

Although the whole trip only took ten months, as he returned by the Red Sea, the Desert, and the Mediterranean, yet the experience, and even the slight knowledge of Hindustani, which he perforce acquired, proved of great service two years afterwards. Those countries have been frequently described by other travellers; but, even in so short a visit, the writer had exceptionally good opportunities for observing them, having been the guest, while in Madras, of Colonel Browne, Military Secretary to the Government, brother of Hablot K. Browne, better known as "Phiz." In Calcutta, the Governor-General, Earl (afterwards Marquess) of Dalhousie, kindly put him up at Government House; and the six weeks in Burma were spent in the house of Sir Scudamore

Steele, Commander-in-Chief of the newly-conquered portion of that province.

Lord Dalhousie was at that very moment engaged in effecting the seemingly bloodless annexation of Oudh, from which little kingdom no less than three-fourths of our Sepoys were then drawn; but notwithstanding our being engaged in a sanguinary campaign with Russia, not a breath had then been wafted of the coming storm; and it must be confessed that the most prominent among the impressions which we took back to England that Christmas were rather connected with cricketing, which we played in the middle of the hot season, or with nautch dancing, Burmese regattas and wrestling matches, and such like amusements, than with any warnings, far less preparations, against the struggle which was so near. On arriving at Suez, Captain Russell, of the Kurnaul Horse, a splendid whip, tooled us across as far as Cairo, in an abnormally quick gallop, thus necessitating an agreeable halt at Shepherd's Hotel, until the camels with our baggage had arrived, and affording ample time for a visit to the Pyramids and other places of interest.

A characteristic tale of Egyptian administration was current while we were at Cairo in that year. A portmanteau had been missed from the back of a camel loaded at Suez. The baggage was speedily traced to a village on the line of route. The Khedive at once sent some troops there, and slew every soul, man, woman, and child, in the delinquent village. It

was a long time before another portmanteau was lost on that road.

On arriving at Alexandria, on our return home in '54-'55, we came for the first time in presence of the terrible sufferings of our soldiers in the Crimea. The harbour was full of transports, on their way to England with the sick and wounded. Going alongside one of them, we hailed her: "Any officers on deck?" A well-favoured face looked over the bulwarks, which we recognised as belonging to the famous "Impostor" of the ——Regiment. He told us he had been badly wounded at Inkermann. We expressed our sympathy, exchanged news, and went on to another ship; but we were afterwards informed that "The Impostor," true to his name, had not been wounded at all, but had been thrown from his horse; had got on the weak side of a Medical Board, and had thus managed to avoid the discomforts of that terrible winter in the Crimea.

A characteristic story used to be told of "The Impostor." He had been quartered in Canada, and had gone on a visit to an officer in a neighbouring Station. He always wore his host's dress coat at mess; but one evening the latter said he was very sorry to deprive his guest of it, but, being invited to a private evening party, he should require it himself.

"Very w-w-well," said "The Impostor," whose inimitable stutter was one of his chief charms, "th—en I'll w-w-wear my own." "Wear your own?" replied his

astonished host, "then why the mischief have you been using mine all the time?" "Oh!" said "The Impostor," very calmly, "b-b-because I didn't like smoking in mine!" Most people will be of his host's opinion when he said: "Well! you are the coolest hand I ever met!"

We took our passage in the *Vectis*, a P. & O. steamer of, perhaps, less than 1,000 tons, but with immense horse-power, and two huge paddle-wheels. As we went up the Gulf of Lyons we encountered the full force of a tremendous mistral, against which the gallant little ship battled manfully, plunging her nose into the curling waves, and taking whole green seas in over her bows; while her decks quivered under the strain like the notes of a pianoforte. At last, on the 26th of December, we reached Marseilles. We had fraternised during the voyage with a remarkably agreeable, gentlemanly young Dutchman, who was on his way home from Java, where he was rapidly making a fortune in coffee-planting. We agreed to make the tour of France together; and, the day following our landing being fine and warm, we drove up to the gardens, where we sauntered about. Soon we noticed that we were being followed by a grinning crowd. We stopped, and, quite in good humour, enquired where the joke came in. "Comment! vous ne savez pas, Messieurs? Mais c'est l'hiver, et vous portez des chapeaux bl—ancs!" Then the speaker writhed in a perfect convulsion of laughter, in which he was joined by the whole of the

sympathising crowd, and, it must be added, by ourselves. For, as we looked at one another in this new light, it dawned upon us that our smart sola topees, each with its graceful puggree, were not exactly the get-up for a day in mid-winter, even in Marseilles.

Then came Paris, with its exquisite cuisine, its *bals masqués*, and other witcheries, which, however, did not make the white cliffs of *la perfide Albion* a whit less welcome. But we had scarcely set foot in "dear Dover," when we found that the augmentation of the Army, owing to the Crimean War, had given me a step; and, after a short sojourn at Purfleet, we were once more doubling the Cape in a troopship.

The voyage to Trincomalee in the *Jullundur* in 1855 coincided very curiously with that undertaken the previous year in Messrs. Wigram's Blackwall Liner, the *Royal Albert*. The duration of the former was 124 days, and of the latter 126 days. On each occasion we only sighted land once after leaving Gravesend until we arrived at our destination, the incidents and accommodation being also nearly identical. Even in the charts, which we made of both trips, each showed a maximum run of about 200 miles, and had a queer "spider's web" traced upon it, caused by our vagaries in the "Doldrums." The manifold distractions were also precisely similar, such as the capture of sharks, dolphins, bonita, flying fish, porpoises, albatross, cape hens, pigeons, and the like. There was also the "man overboard;" with births,

christenings, deaths, and funerals; gales and calms, cards, quoits, and quarrels; tattooing, love making, and so forth. But are not all these written in the Books of the Chronicles of ten thousand travellers upon the mighty deep?

As in most parts of the "gorgeous East" at that time, hospitality was universal in Ceylon, There was an officer in the —th, a brother, I believe, of a very distinguished traveller and explorer not long deceased—we will call him A.—who was notorious for a peculiar rendering of the words *meum* and *tuum*. One day an acquaintance of his in the Ceylon Civil Service received a letter from A., announcing that the latter was soon coming to pay a fortnight's visit. Although a good deal put out, the C.C.S. was loth to refuse the performance of the "sacred rites." At last he hit, as he thought, upon a happy mode of dispensing hospitality, but yet of securing himself from some of the well-known predatory habits of the self-invited guest. So he wrote to A., pleading urgent business connected with his "cutcherry," which would unfortunately take him away for just the time specified; but, should A. choose to come, the "appoo" (native butler) would get whatever food was required. "Only," the C.C.S. significantly added, "I have locked up my chest of drawers, and am taking the keys with me." But A. was not in the least discomposed or affronted. He duly arrived, and remained for the whole of the stipulated fortnight, during which the luckless "appoo" was forced to construe his master's

orders with a somewhat unwonted liberality. On the return of the poor C. C. S. from his enforced duty trip, he found a laconic and characteristic letter from A. "Thanks, old chap! The appoo has done me very well. *But you forgot the dirty clothes bag.*" A. had had the prodigious effrontery to send the articles it contained to the wash, and, on their return, to array himself in and walk off with them. Talking of "appoos," one is reminded of a very famous and hospitable, but rather profane and ill-educated, Colombo merchant, who used to give succulent feeds to the *haute volée*. One evening Mr. S. was about to take his seat, with some pomp, at the head of his table, when his appoo, a little prematurely, whipped the cover off the soup-tureen. S. turned upon him with a snarl, and apostrophising the poor appoo's "*h*eyes" with the usual expletive, petulantly demanded if he couldn't "wait till a blessing had been *h*axed!" Sir Henry Ward, an exceedingly able diplomatist of the old school, was then Governor of Ceylon. He told the writer some years afterwards that, just as the Mutiny broke out, he was on the point of offering him the appointment of A.D.C., which the latter would most probably have accepted.

Dr. Kelaart, one of our medicos at Trincomalee, was not only a clever surgeon but also a naturalist of no mean reputation. He made an interesting and exhaustive analysis of the habits and peregrinations (for they *do* move about) of the pearl oyster, which, as is well-known, is a lucrative product

of those waters. Some people used even to go so far as to say that he had trained one to follow him about like a dog. But, although that was an exaggeration, it is certain that most of his pets and curios were peculiarly docile under his influence. He never lost a chance of studying natural history, and in that pursuit was present, with others, one day when a fight took place in our compound between a tame (or half-tame) mongoose, belonging to the author, and a cobra-di-capella of very large size. As the latter had been brought for sale by a native, it was voted desirable to test the strength of its venom, so a full-grown fowl was dropped into the little *chunam* reservoir with the cobra, which at once bit the fowl in the thigh, the latter dying in less than a minute-and-a-half. After sufficient rest had been given to the snake, the mongoose was introduced. But neither of the combatants seemed anxious to begin, so they were carefully stirred up with a pole of appropriate length. Then they fell-to, and in about five minutes the cobra's head had been crunched and chewed into a pulp by the ichneumon. One or two of the bystanders, including Kelaart, who wrote an account of it to the *Ceylon Observer*, thought they saw the snake bite the mongoose, but it is more probable that it was only the superior agility of the latter which enabled it to overcome its adversary. A precisely similar fight took place afterwards, with a huge "tic-polonga," more than five feet long, which had been caught in the verandah of our Sergeant-Major's house; consequently no

experiment was needed to prove its lethal capacity. The result was exactly the same as in the cobra fight. Disinclination to commence hostilities; but speedy victory for the mongoose. On one of these occasions the latter got loose and hid himself in the garden, where it might perhaps have eaten of the root which is popularly believed to act as an antidote to the venom; in the other case he was quickly caught and put back into his cage.

One day while out snipe-shooting at Tamblagam, I heard a flutter at my feet, and saw a large "rat-snake," which I shot. Looking closer, I found a green "painted" snipe in its folds, the bird being apparently quite uninjured; and we ate it for breakfast. Another day, also when out snipe-shooting, I shot a snake about four feet in length, and, noticing a large lump in the middle of its body, I cut it open with (having no knife) the screw at the end of my ramrod; breech loaders being then quite new inventions. The lump proved to be a three-parts grown green coco-nut, totally undigested, the snake appearing in a very emaciated state. The explanation of the curious *menu* I took to be that the snake, feeling very hungry, had seen the coco-nut rolling gently towards him, and, hoping it to be a rat, had gulped it down before he had time to realise his mistake. The boa, which afterwards swallowed his blanket at the "Zoo," would seem to have confirmed this hypothesis. Deadly as were the snakes of various kinds, and numerous as they also were in

Ceylon, I do not remember a single instance of a European dying from their bite, although numbers of coolies used to be killed by them in the coffee plantations. Strange to say, in the Island of Madagascar, where there are billions of snakes, it is generally held that none of them are venomous. Without venturing to deny the popular belief, it may be suggested that the immunity may possibly arise from the sparseness of population, Madagascar, although larger than France, having less than five millions of people.

During our two years in Ceylon we had only one visit from a man-of-war, the *Nankin* frigate, whose Captain was the Hon. Keith Stewart, and his "Commander" the Hon. W. H. W——. As we had by that time made practical acquaintance with most of the game, large and small, with which the environs of Trinco abounded, we promised W—— a shot at a wild elephant. "Kubber" (news) being announced of one frequenting the jungle near Cottiar, a place across the South Bay—we sailed thither in one of those wonderful swift canoes, with the usual contingent of natives lying out on the "outrigger," and serving as live ballast. After a long morning's stalking we drew up close to the elephant, which was still browsing on the twigs of trees. The little native tracker soon made signs that we might shoot, so we passed on the signal to W——, to engage the enemy at close quarters, but it was rather difficult to make him understand that the huge beast was

actually at the moment towering above our heads, whereas W— kept searching for him on the ground, as if he had been a rat. Owing to the direction of the wind, as well as the density of the underwood, it was difficult to approach the enemy's bow. Consequently (or did he mistake the swinging tail for the trunk?) W— delivered a charge of two ounces of lead, propelled by about four drachms of Curtis and Harvey's best powder, into the stern of the intended prize. Unaccustomed to receive a close and raking fire (the range being about eight feet), the huge craft trumpeted loudly, sheered off, and disappeared in the friendly jungle, through which it was hopeless to follow. For it is astonishing with what speed, and at the same time how noiselessly, an elephant, even when severely wounded, can make his way through the very densest jungle.

Although that day we bagged nothing but "small deer," yet at the same place I had the honour of laying, with bended knee, no less than three elephants' tails at the feet of Mrs. Norris, just at she was sitting down to breakfast. But, with all that, I only "bagged" a total of twelve full-grown elephants during the two years, and not one of them was a "tusker." In fact, out of about a hundred and fifty elephants which I "interviewed," I only saw one tusker. It was very nearly dark, and although I hit him hard, just in the hollow over his trunk, and that we tracked him by the blood for a long distance the next morning, we never saw or heard of him again.

Many causes have been assigned for the scarcity of tusks among the Ceylon elephants. Some naturalists have attributed it to the ravages of a worm, which gives the poor beast a dreadful toothache: let us hope it is not painful in proportion to the size of the affected part. We always used to shoot our elephants in the head, the object being to pierce the (very small) brain; and it depended upon the angle and position of the elephant as to which of five spots you chose to aim at: namely, the eyes, the ears, or the aforesaid hollow over the trunk. And notwithstanding the opinion of that mighty hunter, the late Gordon-Cumming, to the contrary, I believe that similar tactics would succeed in Africa. But we never thought of firing at elephants at a greater distance than from six to seven yards, so the stalking was a very tiresome, ticklish, and consequently intensely exciting operation. The bulky mammalians always selected the thickest and thorniest bits of jungle, to which they repaired soon after day-dawn for their *siesta*.

On two occasions I have fired at sleeping elephants; one of which, by the way, was snoring very loudly, and no wonder, with such a length of nose. Each time I put the muzzle of my gun close to his head, but in neither case did I "bag" the quarry. Major Edward Nash Ind, then a Lieutenant in the 37th, was my fellow-sportsman in one of these attempts, when the great creature sprang to its feet with marvellous alertness, scattering us, and the hunters with our spare guns, to different points of

the compass. Fortunately he was even more alarmed than we were and did not stop to pick one of us up *en route*, as he might easily have done. But I usually went out alone, excepting the society of the native tracker, and I had several narrow shaves. Once I came suddenly and unexpectedly upon a huge "rogue." It was very early in the morning, after heavy rain in the night, so that the leaves were still dripping. In my hurry I forgot to remove the caps and examine the nipples: a precaution which was absolutely *de rigueur* in the days of muzzle-loaders. So, when I pulled both triggers, neither barrel went off. The click of the hammers made the elephant turn sharp round, and reconnoitre me: but, for a wonder, he elected to make a leisurely retreat. "Rogues," who are supposed to have been turned out of the herd for ill-temper, usually charge straight for a man as soon as they see him. I was only "charged" once by an elephant that I had wounded. I was able to take shelter behind a big tree, and bowled my antagonist over with a shot over his left eye. When an elephant is charging he trumpets loudly, curls up his trunk in a circle, and looks very formidable indeed.

The only proof of your prowess which was admitted in Trinco was the end of the beast's tail. And a very ugly trophy it was, fringed with a few coarse, black hairs. But the native jewellers used to set the hair, rather prettily, in gold. After doing the leviathan to death, for which a single shot would generally suffice, we always had to leave him where he lay, and send the

tracker, a few days afterwards, with a hatchet, to hew the "tushes" out of its head. The tushes make good paper-knives, but are not valuable.

Once I brought an elephant to its knees by my first shot. He made numerous ineffectual efforts to rise, and I fired all my bullets but one, numbering fifteen, into its head, without being able to despatch him. So I was forced to cut off its tail as the poor beast lay groaning. But although I only got twelve "tail trophies," I have no doubt there were other elephants that did not long survive their wounds. It was not uncommon to find a bullet or two embedded in the head, and these must have been there for several years. Elephants have become much scarcer in Ceylon of late, as indeed everywhere, and I believe it is now somewhat difficult to get leave to shoot them. At that time they did a lot of damage to the crops, and no "permit" was needed. When it became known that a "tip" was always forthcoming for authentic "kubber" of their whereabouts, we used to receive a visit from one of the clever, agile, and enduring little hunters, who would gladly conduct us to the spot. These men were mostly Mussulmans, or "Moormen" as they were called there. Once, when in the depths of the Ceylon forest, we had the good fortune to come suddenly upon a couple of "Veddahs," or wild men, who lived in the trees. Although shy, and rather repulsive-looking, they seemed harmless enough. I am not aware whether any of these curious people are still extant: they were very rare in '56.

Besides elephants, the jungle swarmed with deer, buffalo, leopards, bears, wild boar, etc., and also feathered game—making Trincomalee a very paradise for hunters. Indeed a good many people believe that Ceylon was the original residence of Adam and Eve, and the scene of their fall. Not only do they show you Adam's Bridge, over which he crossed *en route* for Southern India, but there is also the distinct impression of one (only one) of his mighty footsteps, on the top, by the way, of a high mountain named after him, besides other equally trustworthy traditions. In further support of the theory, they quote the undoubted loveliness of the scenery; not to speak of the swarms of snakes!

Our sojourn there passed only too quickly. Money was a drug, for with the really handsome colonial allowances and the cheapness of provisions we scarcely knew what to do with it, especially when, as in my own case, one had some snug extra billets which were almost sinecures. For several months I was acting Ordnance Storekeeper, and afterwards Fort Adjutant, drawing the emoluments of both those offices; while, in virtue of being also Commanding R.A., I was frequently obliged to write official letters to myself, which, it need hardly be said, invariably received gracious and satisfactory replies.

Apart, however, from this phase of "Nirvana,"*

* Gotama Buddhoo is usually represented as seated with one arm across his body, he being now in a state of "Nirvana," in other words, absorbed in the contemplation of his own ineffable goodness.

which may be said to have been racy of the soil—for Buddha is commonly believed to have resided in Ceylon in his youth, and the priests of the Kandy Temple still show you one of his eye-teeth, which is about four inches long—good feeling and good fellowship were the rule in Trinco.

We have alluded to Smedley as the Falstaff of the Judicial Bench. As the following anecdote proves, the dear old Judge was a most affectionate father, though, of all timid men, when out driving, unless, perhaps, the late Count Maurice Potocki, Smedley was notoriously the most nervous. His constant cries of "Pya po!" (go gently!) to his coachman, used to make everyone smile. By the way, he was the most prodigal consumer of Trinchinopoly cheroots, although he never smoked one properly. At all times of the day the sound of his voice used to be heard: "Boy! bring fire!" Then the huge roll of rank tobacco, with "a palmyra tree," as it was called, down the middle, was thrown away, and another re-lit, a performance which took place at least sixty or seventy times a day. Early one morning, at the hour of "chota hazri," hearing a loud scream from his dressing-room, he rushed in, and found that one of his pretty little daughters had been badly bitten by a "tic polonga," the most deadly of the Cinghalese vipers. The child had been playing the time-honoured *rôle* of "imitating papa," the main essential to which, as everybody knows, is a pair of father's boots. But it happened that a large snake had chosen

that very boot as its dwelling. Consequently, and apparently *more Hibernico*, it resented the intrusion, and attacked the owner's child, striking its fangs deeply into the little naked ankle. Without a moment's hesitation Smedley caught little Nellie in his arms, and sucked the wound vigorously, calling out also to have the carriage brought round at once. Quickly as this was done, and although the warning of "Pya po!" was held in abeyance, yet it was three-quarters of an hour before the Judge and his daughter reached Doctor Sinclair's quarters in the Fort. When the latter saw the wound he said that, *pro formâ* and for their satisfaction, he would and did cauterise it; but added that only for Smedley's brave promptitude the little girl could not possibly have lived long enough to reach the Fort. As it was, she did not suffer in the smallest degree from the poison. This is a proof, trite as the remark may be, that even among men there are different degrees of courage.

Most of the stories of that time had a merry ending; for, although the climate of Trinco is not all that may be desired, we did not lose a single man, woman, or child during our stay. Yet discontented folks were often heard to declare that "there was only a sheet of paper between that and a very hot place indeed." But some of these very people have since admitted that they have often wished themselves "back in dear old Trinco." Possibly, subsequent experiences of such warm corners as Penang, Aden, or Tamatave may have conduced to this

retrospective justice. After all, these things are mostly relative. The writer remembers his father's statistics on the subject of "heated terms," which are *à propos*, although more than eighty years old. The latter was in a British frigate in the Persian Gulf, and the thermometer suddenly *fell* to 78° Fahrenheit, whereupon they all shivered and put on their pea-jackets.

Notwithstanding the intense heat, we had the usual annual military sports at Trincomalee, at which my second senior Sergeant, John Kiernan, performed a feat which I have never seen equalled. Simple and trifling as it may appear, it was typical of the man's exceeding accuracy and straightforwardness. One of the games was called "cutting for the goose." A live goose was suspended by a string between two posts. Each competitor was carefully blindfolded, and placed with his back to the goose. The word, "Slow! March!" was given, and the gladiator had to march, with his sword at the "slope," twelve paces from the goose. Then the word, "Right about turn!" was given, and another twelve paces should have brought him back to the goose. "Halt!" and then he was allowed to make one cut with his sword. Sergeant Kiernan was the only man I have ever seen whose cut was within six feet of the prize. But he cut straight down upon the goose, and secured it, amidst loud cheers. Kiernan was one of the men who were afterwards killed by my side on the 25th of September, the day of our entry into Lucknow.

# CHAPTER V.

From face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every action
Was timed to dying cries.

CORIOLANUS.

## MAJOR BANKS'S DIARY—NANA SAHIB.

Through the courtesy of the widow of Major Banks, we have been favoured with a perusal of her late husband's diary. Major Banks became the senior Political Officer in Lucknow when Sir Henry Lawrence died. The diary is endorsed by the well-known Henry Kavanagh, afterwards Assistant Commissioner in Oudh, as having been "found in the City of Lucknow, on the 3rd of June, 1858, in the house of a Havildar (who had been) with the rebels." It is very much defaced—in fact scarcely legible—owing to the Havildar having kept his accounts on it, in the Devanagri character.

July 2nd, 1857.—It has pleased God that Sir Henry Lawrence, K.C.B., Brigadier-General, and

THE CHUTTER MUNZIL. INTERIOR OF THE BILLIARD ROOM IN THE RESIDENCY. THE CHUTTER MUNZIL IN THE DISTANCE.

Chief Commissioner of Oudh, should be grievously wounded, it is feared mortally, at 9 a.m. this day. I announce that Sir H. L. has just communicated his orders to me personally, in the presence of many gentlemen, in the following points :

I.—Reserve your fire. Check all wild firing.

II.—Carefully register ammunition for guns and small arms, and, as far as possible, daily expenditure of same.

III.—Spare the precious health of Europeans in every possible way. Shelter them from shot and sun.

IV.—Organise working parties for night labour.

V.—Entrench! Entrench! Entrench! Erect traverses to cut off the enemy's fire.

VI.—Turn every horse out of the entrenchments, except enough for four guns. My own horse I give to my nephew, George Lawrence.

VII.—Use the State prisoners as a means of getting in supplies. By gentle means, if possible—or by threats.

VIII.—Enrol every servant as a Bildar or carrier of earth. Pay liberally—double—quadruple wages.

IX.—Turn out every menial who will not work.

X.—Write daily to Allahabad and Agra,

XI.—Let my servants, each of them, have one year's pay——(illegible).

July 4th.—Wrote letters to General Havelock at

Allahabad. One by Naik Kolwal's messenger, who will get 300 rupees (£30 in those days) if he brings a reply. Also one to Agra by Hawes.

July 5th.—Thirteen Sikhs deserted during the night. Rumours of further desertion on the part of Sikhs.

Tuesday, July 7th.—At 1½ p.m.——(illegible——and Grenadier Companies of H.M. 32nd Regiment, *and a party of Sikhs*, made a dash at Johannes' House, from the neighbourhood of which trenches were being cut to the "Cawnpore Battery;" 22 of the enemy were killed. Four of our men wounded, but only one badly—Corney, a gallant fellow who had spiked a gun of the enemy's a few days before——Received a long letter, No. 3, from Mr. Gubbins, claiming the Chief Civil Power. (Sir Henry Lawrence had previously conferred this upon Major Banks.—F.C.M.)

July 10th.—A native emissary states that Cawnpore is occupied by the English (which was false). I therefore wrote a letter, by Bhoop Chund Naik, at 9¼ p.m. I also wrote to Mr. Court at Allahabad, and sent it by Bhowany Deen Tewaree (Havildar) at 9¼ p.m. Elliott, a (half-caste) writer, disguised himself, and brought in news from the town of a preposterous nature, dealing in tens of thousands, and evidently wrong. He says, however, that four regiments, with six guns, have been sent by the Nana Sahib, from Cawnpore, to intercept relief to us, and that an attack is to be made at 4 a.m. to-morrow; the

"forlorn hope" to be 500 Pàsìs, (Fishermen?) to whom great promises have been made. Warned all guards.

Saturday, 11th July.—No attack last night. Addressed Brigadier Inglis, regarding the treasure and the copper caps said to have been brought from the Muchee Bowun by the troops, under Colonel Palmer, and of which treasure and caps no information can, I am told, be now obtained here. Addressed Brigadier Inglis regarding the burying of the valuables belonging to the King brought from the Kaiser Bagh. Addressed Brigadier Inglis and Major Anderson regarding the remarks made by Mr. Ommaney, at our meeting of the 2nd instant, on the subject of the arrangements ordered by Sir H. L. for the conduct of affairs. At night an attack, on the River side of the Residency, was repulsed, and some 50 of the enemy killed. No loss on our side. kitmudgars and bheesties bolted, because grain instead of flour has been issued. The enemy fired back to us three of our own 8-inch shells, which had not exploded, and to which they had fixed new fuses. (Apparently, however, without better success.—F.C.M.)

Saturday, July 18th.—Letter to Cawnpore sent by Mr. Alexander, a (half-caste) writer. Letter to Allahabad, or advancing force, sent by . . . . . Gwalla (?)

Sunday, 19th July.—Much firing during the night. Lieutenant Arthur killed in "Cawnpore" Battery.

Lieutenant Harman lost leg from round-shot. Several round-shot through the drawing-room of Mr. Gubbins's house.

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## THE CAWNPORE MASSACRE.

The greater portion of this work had been written, when General Frederick A. Willis, C.B., was kind enough to place at my disposal an exceedingly elaborate and exhaustive account of the Cawnpore Defence, Surrender, and Massacre, containing some particulars which, so far as I am aware, have never yet been published. The report in question was made by Lieut.-Colonel G. Williams, at that time Commissioner of Military Police for the North-Western Provinces, and is dated Allahabad, 31st December, 1859, more than thirty months after the events took place. Lieut.-Colonel Williams was led to make his first enquiries in February, '58, and followed them up with the consent of the Indian Government. Reading them carefully and without bias to-day, one must doubt whether the Nana Sahib was as guilty of complicity in the murders of our women and children as he is generally believed to have been. I am rather of opinion that his hand, though guilty, was forced by his more blood-thirsty followers, whose acts he dared not disavow. Even in the present time, and in our own country, we can point to similar toleration of equally dastardly outrages. It is certain

that on more than one occasion the Nana befriended the helpless creatures; indeed, treated them with actual kindness. The massacre at the Ghât was certainly planned with Satanic genius, and by a master mind, which latter the Nana certainly did not possess.

One fact, which Lieutenant-Colonel Williams asserts as a matter beyond doubt, will surely be a surprise to most Englishmen, namely, that the murder of the women and children on the 15th and 16th of July "was witnessed by thousands of natives!" We will allow Colonel Williams to speak in his own words, merely premising that his researches appear to have been conducted in a fair and judicial spirit. But the report is too long for publication *in extenso*, and extracts only are given.

With regard to the Nana's share in the massacre at the Ghât, Colonel Williams says: "The fiend who now held *undisputed* (*?*) sway was meanwhile alone, (a few Mahrattas and Ahmed Ali, vakeel, only being in attendance), whilst his compeers in blood and treachery, Bala (his brother), Azeemoollah, and a host of Sirdars, who had mounted their horses when the Europeans moved out of the entrenchments, were then seated with Tantia Topee and his party at the Fishermen's Temple. How rarely do we see a native pacing up and down, particularly one of such obesity as the Nana? Yet thus, in anxious thought, did this man of blood meditate on the results of his treachery to a noble and confiding enemy, his black heart longing eagerly for the first sound to tell him

of the destruction of his hated foe! His victims having embarked, suddenly, about nine a.m., a bugle, the signal for firing, was sounded by order of Bala and Azeemoollah. The first shots were discharged by some troopers of the 2nd Cavalry, and the parties concealed in the ruins on the height, and behind the timber, followed simultaneously, as if by magic, with the roar of cannon along the bank, instantaneously taken up by the guns and 17th Native Infantry on the Oudh side. Amidst this frightful scene and hideous din the proverbial coolness and intrepidity of Englishmen did not fail them. . . . . .

Many who hesitated to give evidence in Court freely related facts, privately, to a native official, long employed in positions of trust and responsibility in the Department for the Suppression of Thuggee and Dacoity, who had ever evinced great tact and judgment in tracing crime, whose loyalty was approved and had been tested throughout the mutiny—from the date of the Meerut outbreak he unreservedly cast in his lot with ours—who was the first to gain information from the heart of the rebel city, Delhi, and who continued to afford most valuable information throughout its protracted siege. It was necessary, first of all, to gain information regarding the antecedents of a few of the most respectable and leading men of Cawnpore, especially as to their movements during the revolt, which delicate duty the native official (whose name is carefully concealed—F.C.M.) efficiently discharged; and in this way, step by step,

INTERIOR OF A BEER SHOP

information was gained, that eventually led to the recording of sixty-seven depositions on the subject. Ten of these are by Europeans and native Christians, ten by Mahomedans, and the remaining forty-seven by Hindoos. Of the evidence given by the ten Mahomedans that of seven is to be relied upon; six of them suffered with us, and the seventh imperilled his life in our cause; the remaining three have not stated all they knew, but simply what they deemed it expedient to tell. To thirty of the forty-seven depositions made by Hindoos no doubt can be attached: nine of them are men of large property and considerable influence in the city and cantonment of Cawnpore.

"The Nana and his Court *possessed little or no authority* over the rebel troops, who, it is evident, did just as they pleased—manned the attacking batteries and joined in the assaults or not as they deemed fit—the greater portion taking their ease, lounging in the bazaars and on the banks of the canal, and plundering the provisions as they were brought into the city. The distribution of the promised rewards and of pay occasioned much wrangling and bitter speeches against their nominal ruler, whom they even threatened to depose and replace by a Mahomedan noble. There were evidently, from the first, two opposing factions amongst the mutineers. It is no mere surmise that, if the British had not so rapidly re-appeared upon the scene, the seeds of dissension would have ripened, producing in due time a complete disruption amongst the revolters.

"The Nana was no liberal paymaster, but profuse in promises only, which he ever failed in carrying out, whilst seeking to extract money from the wealthy inhabitants of the city, whom he thereby rendered confirmed enemies to his cause. Plunder and extortion were openly carried on by his officials. Parties crossing at the ferries were charged a rupee (2s.) a head, and if unable to pay were detained for days; even the mutineers from Benares, on their way to join the Nana's camp, were not allowed to escape payment for crossing at the Jaj Mhow Ferry.

"The Mahomedans, as usual, took a leading part; and, wherever they had the command of batteries, appear to have well and efficiently served them, causing the greatest damage to Wheeler's intrenchment. With overwhelming numbers the enemy were enabled to harass the British by incessant attacks, which, though always failing, yet caused much loss of life; the intrenchments affording no protection against round-shot and grape that swept through the barracks, frightfully mutilating and killing men, women, and children; so that the defence made by this small band of British may be well styled heroic. The state of the city and surrounding districts, as described by eye-witnesses, gives the same features as elsewhere of rebel rule. The leaders exhibited no semblance of power or justice, and anarchy reigned predominant. The lawless seized the opportunity and revelled in rapine and plunder. Each avenged

his real or imaginary wrongs. Every man's hand was against his fellow.

"Such was the state of Cawnpore and its neighbourhood, under the brief reign of the arch-rebel Nana. Courts were formed, which shamelessly mocked at justice, wherein Baba Bhut, the Nana's elder brother, presided, seated on a billiard table. By Baba's decrees a Mahomedan butcher lost his hands for the crime of killing a cow; a thief, for plundering, was similarly mutilated; whilst bad characters were paraded on donkeys throughout the city, and their houses levelled with the ground; the punishments inflicted being such as accorded with native ideas.

"The city was kept in continual alarm by reported intentions to plunder, being threatened alike by mutineers in search of wealth and insurgent Zemindars or landholders thirsting to be avenged on the commercial classes, who had bought their estates when sold by decree of the Civil Courts. Some wards of the city banded themselves together to check the mutineers, and even drove off a party of the 2nd Cavalry with brick-bats. The mutineers, when separated from their comrades, were disarmed and plundered by the insurgent population, so that it was only in large masses they dared to move through the country.

"Mr. Joseph Carter, keeper of the Shewrajpore toll-gate, and his wife, were made prisoners, carried to Bithoor, and there presented, together with the heads of three Europeans, to Pandoo Rung Rao, the Nana's nephew, the captors demand-

ing the lives of the captives. Mrs. Carter being pregnant, was spared, at the earnest entreaty of Bajee Rao's widows (mothers-in-law of the Nana), who threatened to destroy themselves if Mrs. Carter was in any way injured. She was therefore placed in the old Residency (Cawnpore) under a guard of the 7th Cavalry troopers, and her husband, with the three heads, were ordered to be sent in to the Nana on the following morning. Mrs. Carter was delivered of a daughter, and both she and her infant appear to have *received every kindness* from the Peishwa's widows, who ordered a Mahomedan nurse to attend on them. . . . . The craven-hearted, accursed man of blood, remembering her at length as he fled from Bithoor in dread, directed her guard, who were equally remorseless as himself, to murder their defenceless captives in cold blood, and forcibly taking with him their kind but powerless protectors and guardians, the Peishwa's widows, he was henceforth no longer seen within the halls of his adopted father. . . . . Vacillating though the Council were on other projects, they are said to have been unanimous in one fearful resolve, and that was—the death of the unoffending women and children. The horrid suggestion is said to have first come from Subadar Teeka Singh.

"On approaching the last and most terrible scene, all the witnesses seem instinctively to shrink from confessing any knowledge of so foul and barbarous a crime as the indiscriminate slaughter of helpless

COURT OF THE "SLAUGHTER HOUSE" AT CAWNPORE: SKETCHED ON THE DAY FOLLOWING THE MASSACRE.

women and innocent children. Evidence, that runs clear and strong from the 15th of May to the 14th of July, suddenly ceases on the fatal 15th of that month. Every witness was questioned on this important subject, but almost all state they were not present, and only heard by report of the massacre, which it is notoriously well known was witnessed by thousands of spectators, any half-dozen of whom could give clear and undeniable evidence against the murderers. It is said, however, that but few of the respectable residents of the city were present.

"The second or third day after the massacre, a party of the Nana's followers passed through the village of Onao, in Oudh, and two of them boasted, before a large number of men, that they had murdered 21 of the prisoners, for which they had received a reward of 21 rupees. A man, called Sewrakhim, of Oogoo, likewise vaunted he had been engaged in the massacre, when his sword, being a bad weapon, bent from the force of the blows, and his heart failed him. He pointed out at the same time, to many of those present, the blood-stains and the bend of his sword. . . . . Those who state they heard of the massacre of the ladies, affirm that common report, *with two or three exceptions*, threw the odium upon the *Nana's own followers*. This, however, is *contradicted* by the depositions of two other eye-witnesses, *who directly oppose the statements of the above-named four individuals*. Kulloo, a Government servant in the Abkaree Department, states he

saw 25 mutineer Sepoys fire a volley through the doors of the building. . . . : Those who first entered the slaughter-house, shortly after the massacre, state they saw but few bullet-marks on the walls, and many sword cuts with hair embedded in them. (This many of our own force saw).

"The evidence of the Christian drummers is as follows. After the five Europeans (the Futtehghur fugitives) had been removed, the woman named Hoosainee Khanum, or 'the Begum,' who had the superintendence of these ladies, *told them the Nana had sent orders* for their immediate destruction. An appeal was made by one of them to Yousuf Khan, the Jemadar of the guard, and if the statements of these drummers is correct, these men refused to carry out the Nana's orders. . . . . 'The Begum' (who, by the way, was a slave girl of the Nana's household, but the paramour of a trooper named Surwur Khan), it is said, on their refusal, returned to Noor Mahomed's Hotel, and shortly re-appeared with five men (others say seven), two Mahomedans and three Hindoos, of whom most witnesses say the girl's paramour formed one. A volley is said to have been fired at random by a few Sepoys, but the butchery was committed by the men sent from the compound adjoining the Nana's, in executing which they were occupied from 6 p.m. until dark, when the doors of the building were closed for the night.

"An accumulation of horrors ends this tragedy.

Early in the morning the parties who had committed the massacre went to the house, attended by some three or four sweepers, to remove the bodies. On the door being opened, some three or four ladies and two or three children were found still alive. . . . These, horrible to relate, kept circling round the well, pursued by their demon executioners, until caught and cast alive into that yawning grave amongst the mass of dying and dead. . . . . The most searching and earnest enquiries totally disprove the unfounded assertion that was at first so frequently made, and so currently believed, that personal indignity and dishonour had been offered to our poor suffering countrywomen."

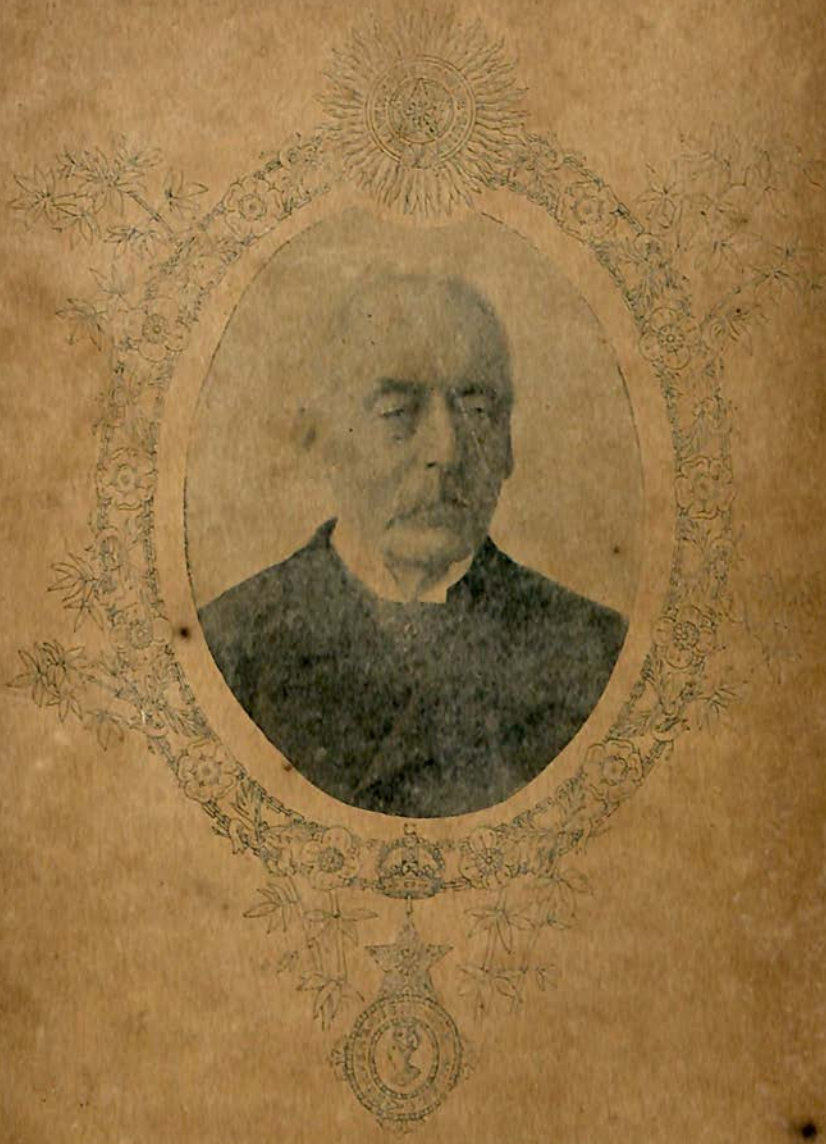
(It seems, however, certain that one young lady was taken to the house of a rebel sowar. In the above interesting Report, the passages in italics are marked by myself.—F. C. M.)

# DURING THE MUTINY.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.

LONGFELLOW.

John W. Sherer, Esq., Companion of the Star of India, was, at the time of the outbreak, Magistrate at Futtehpore (Hussowa), and afterwards of Cawnpore. As I have explained in the previous chapter in reference to the impressive and highly-interesting Report kindly placed at my disposal by General Frederick A. Willis, C.B., the greater part of my own work had been completed, when, at General Delafosse's suggestion, Mr. Sherer most kindly consented to furnish the following particulars of his experiences, dealing with what may be called the "Civil" side of the campaign. Probably no one, among the many talented gentlemen to whose just and able rule our possession of India at this moment is due, is better qualified than Mr. Sherer to describe the events of those days.



Yours Truly
John W. Shearer

In order to sustain the interest, I have scarcely broken the thread of Mr. Sherer's story; and I feel sure my readers will not fail to appreciate the vivid accuracy of the word-pictures, as well as the rarely-surpassed graces of style which characterise the entire narrative.

F. C. M.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WITHDRAWAL.

Well, then, there we were—all the men of the station, collected in the large house at Futtehpore (Hussowa)* which had been built by the last Collector. Each day our movements became more restricted. We generally drove in the evening, and one of the railway men had a tandem. This practice had to be given up. Then a day or so before the finale we heard that a party of the 2nd Cavalry, who had taken treasure to Allahabad, would be returning, and that their passage through the place might be the signal for a disturbance; and it was rumoured they would perhaps join the treasury guard, and assist in removing the money. We had begun to sleep on the roof of the house, which roof was a rambling place, but approached only by a ladder, at the top of which was a door capable of being fastened. But in prospect of an outbreak of any sort, it seemed as well, this morning of the expected transit, to retain our position on the roof during the day also.

* Futtehpore-Hussowa is on the Grand Trunk Road, between Allahabad and Cawnpore, about 35 miles from the latter city.—J. C. M.

The Soubahdar had sent word that perfect reliance was to be placed in him, and that if the Cavalry attempted to come near the treasury he would fire into them forthwith. A Zemindar had kindly placed a number of matchlock-men at our disposal, and I sent word to the Soubahdar to say that these men would be stationed in a garden not far from our gate; that they had received instructions not to assume the offensive, but to let the Cavalry pass; then, if they heard firing at the treasury, to move on and take the Cavalry in the rear. This the man in charge of them promised to do. It seemed undesirable that any of our little garrison should take part with the matchlock-men, because of their fidelity there seemed no guarantee whatever. From our roof we all watched the proceedings with the greatest interest. If we saw any of the Cavalry they could only have seemed like distant forms moving behind the trees. The sound of hoofs, however, was distinct. They passed the garden, where the matchlocks were, at a trot, and then there was a halt; and as we afterwards learnt, one or two men were sent to parley at the treasury.

Again we heard the sound of hoofs, and soon after a messenger came to say that the Cavalry had gone on to Cawnpore. It seemed right that the Soubahdar should have credit for the result, whether accidental or not. So Macnaughten, who was the assistant magistrate, and I rode down to the guard. All the Sepoys had their muskets, and the Soubahdar

was in a glow of self-satisfaction, as he ordered us chairs, and exclaimed: "I told you there was no cause for apprehension." It seems that some zealous Mahomedans had gone out of the town to meet the Cavalry, and to tell them to beware of an ambush which the English had laid for them in a garden adjoining the road. They rode out of the street, therefore, in the greatest trepidation, and if they ever intended coming to the treasury, gave up the idea, and sent an embassy to the guard, with whom, however, the Soubahdar refused to treat. Things cleared a little for that day, and we dined below. It occurred to us, however, that the punkahs were sources of danger, because, if they had been set on fire, the rafters would have caught, and our stronghold, the roof, have become untenable. So, when dinner was over we cut all the punkahs down and brought them outside. Some thoughtless tongue said: "Let us burn them!" and the suggestion was immediately carried out. The wretched things were as dry as tinder, and flared up in a most prodigious way. It would create alarm in the town, and attract the most unnecessary attention; but what could we do? The fire was easy enough to light, but impossible to extinguish; so we could only wait. Our anxious faces lighted up with the brazen glare. In the midst of the unwelcome illumination a peasant arrived, breathless with terror, and said there was a body of Cavalry in the next field. We withdrew to the roof, but the horsemen passed away. They belonged, we

were told, to an Irregular regiment, and were desirous of moving westward without adventures.

Next day was a morning of troubles. News was brought that the mass of convicts had been let loose at Allahabad, and that numbers were entering our district. The peasantry, too, were getting unsteady. Groups of them were seen wandering towards the station, and, we soon heard, were carrying off doors and wood or iron work of any description they could get possession of from the unoccupied bungalows. Sinister reports also came that our jail was in danger. The Darogha was in communication with the Soubahdar as to whether he should release the prisoners, and the Soubahdar was favourable to the proposition, thinking, probably, that if they broke out they might give trouble about the treasure, but would disperse if merely dismissed. We knew that the 6th N.I. had gone to Allahabad, and were certain the party at Futtehpore was only meditating how the booty could be got away. Early in the afternoon we saw from the roof a great number of people approaching from the city. They gradually advanced to our gate, and then the main body stopped, and one or two men came forward. I say we saw, meaning those who were on watch saw, for individually, feeling the great heat, I had fallen asleep in one of the dark, spacious rooms within. It was announced that the Deputy-Collector wished to speak to me; and going out I found my Italian Secretary friend with a sword, and a generally warlike look. He

introduced one or two Mussulmans with guns in their hands.

He told me that things were getting very awkward, that there was a growing disposition to disregard authority, and that under these circumstances the principal Mahomedans had armed themselves and their retainers, and were prepared to keep the public peace as far as they could, that they had come up to pay their respects to the English authorities, and that nothing but necessity would have caused them to take the law into their own hands. He added that our presence was a great source of irritation, and that if we withdrew for a time he thought the excitement would go down. As for our attempting at present to support the British Government, it was altogether out of the question. I said in reply that we were quite willing to credit himself and his friends with loyalty, or at any rate with the absence of any hostile intentions, till we had reason to think otherwise; that with regard to our movements, they were undecided; but that should any emergency occur I should rely on Mahomedan assistance in keeping order. As he was turning away I said to him privately: "If I go it will only be for a month's leave." He laughed and replied: "In that case we shall meet again."

There was one more day. All the forenoon we saw the peasantry rushing about the fields. It gave the idea of a *Jacquerie*—an agricultural tumult with immense excitement but no defined object. A railway engineer of the name of Bews lived within sight

of the roof, and though he had his things mostly with him, yet furniture and some closed boxes were left over at his place, and he beheld with anguish swarms of dark figures hovering round his dwelling. He was very anxious to know the law on the subject. "I have no authority, of course," he said, "but if a man comes into my house I suppose I may prevent him taking my property?" It was held that he had a perfect right to defend his goods, and so, taking his chum with him, he rode off, armed, into the thick of the foray. It was, however, of no use. The peasants fled before him and his friend, but their numbers were so great that as he cleared one side of the house they over-ran the other, and his labours were wholly in vain. It has been mentioned that the subject of a withdrawal across the Jumna had been discussed by the Judge and myself, and had always met with disapproval from him. Not that he had the slightest belief in our being able to hold out, but he thought that the move should be made in the direction of Delhi, and that the gallant Soubahdar and his men would escort us, till we could join our countrymen in the North. The forenoon was naturally one of anxious thought. Cawnpore, Allahabad, and Roy Bareilly just over the Ganges, were all lost for the present. Should Banda go, or even that portion of the district of Banda adjoining Futtehpore go, we should be completely caught in a trap. As for saving the treasure, it had really passed out of our custody into that of the Soubahdar, and our presence in the

district was not contributing in any way to order, or to the protection of life and property. The question was—stay and meet the chances of a very hopeless future, or go, whilst the road is still open, and join the fortunes of our comrades in the next district of Banda? I do not pretend for a moment that the natural love of new adventures, and the equally natural dislike of being cooped up in a hole, had nothing to say to our decision. But looking back upon it, after a long term of years, it seems to me a proper decision—dictated by common sense, and not blemished in any way by unworthy motives. Our plans, then, were fixed and agreed upon after debate by all except the Judge, whose house was near the guard, and who slept amongst the Sepoys, but often came to meals with us.

However, that evening, at five o'clock, I got hold of him, and we walked up and down in a little plot grown with oleander, vinca rosea, and so on. He knew my views perfectly, and therefore I had only to tell him that we considered the emergency had now arisen. I had been informed that the jail would positively be thrown open the next morning, and from what had been reported about the Soubahdar there could be little doubt that he was only waiting to throw off the mask. The Judge said that he himself had heard some disloyal language at night; he thought the younger Sepoys were excited, but would obey their officer and that he was staunch. He had a great idea we should be insulted if we

passed through native States as fugitives from a fallen Empire. Restoration—if restoration was to come at all—would spring out of Delhi, and that was the rendezvous. To a certain extent he was right. But to talk of going to Delhi and to get there were different things. I told him our plans; mentioned that we had determined to leave late that night for Banda, and entreated him to join us. But this he positively refused to do, and would not even stay dinner, but made up his mind to go home. He shook me by the hand—wished every success to our adventure—said he hoped himself to be soon on the road to Delhi—and we parted—to meet no more in this world. As this is the most painful recollection which I retain in my mind, I am anxious to dismiss it; but, upon doing so, will simply relate what occurred to this ill-fated gentleman. The sources of information are reliable, and the account of the Judge's end may be received as authentic. He returned to his house from the guard next morning early, and perhaps in the night had heard some expressions which set the question of the disloyalty of the Sepoys at rest, for he at once sent word to the Deputy-Collector (the Italian Secretary) that he wished to go to Banda, could he assist about horses for the journey? The person thus applied to sent back a message that it was not in his power to offer any assistance. It seems likely, as our jail was opened that morning, that the roads were pretty full of rough characters. The Judge mounted his horse with his rifle slung

behind him, and proceeded into the town. Perhaps he intended to call personally on the Deputy-Collector. I think it probable, however, that by that time there was considerable excitement amongst the lower Mahomedans, and that he met with some contumely, if he was not even attacked. That he used his rifle several times there is no question; and he was not the man to do so except in circumstances demanding such an extreme measure. Then he returned home and ascended to the roof of his office, a convenient oblong space which he had often said was suitable for defence. Here he spent some time, till a large body of men was seen advancing from the town. They had banners and symbols typical of the Moslem Faith, and a copy of the Koran was carried open before one of the number. They advanced to a space beneath the Judge's office, and several fire-arms were discharged towards the gaunt figure standing against the sky deadened in its colour by the heat. There was a sharp return from the roof. Again a silence, broken only by the monotonously-muttered passages from the Koran. Again a discharge. And struck by a bullet in the forehead, Robert Tucker sank to rise no more. Thus a brave, unselfish, honourable, and nobly aspiring man, albeit hampered with fancies which exceeded eccentricity, passed away from earth. An excellent person, the late Dr. Duff, with no wish, I am sure, to cause pain to others, publicly wrote that Tucker *alone* fell at the post of duty. It was not so. He,

in staying with the Sepoys, we, in going to new fields of action, each thought we were doing the thing that should be done. That point does not trouble me. I sometimes think that as we were several—and the Judge was one—we should have tried to oblige him to come with us. I trust the delicacy of the situation will excuse us in the eyes of good men, if there were here any failure of decision.

The faithful Badul Khan prepared us a more than usually careful dinner that night. He was not coming with us, nor indeed were any of our servants. They were anxious, as they might well be, about their families and their trifling goods and chattels, and leaving the Doab seemed like emigration from their own country. We can only, any of us, relate our own experiences in such matters, but I have not the slightest ingratitude to complain of in the case of native servants. They knew of our going, expressed the warmest wishes for our prosperous journey, and the hope that we should all soon meet happily again. I scarcely like to think of the dressing that night before dinner, and putting on suitable clothes should a prolonged absence from the washerman take place. It was more like being sent to school by one's mother than anything else. For my two Hindoo servants from Muttra were forestalling every contingency. One small bag was taken, but elaborate instructions were given as to where the little knick-knacks of the toilet could be found. "If I put my hand in one corner there would be a comb, and down in another was the

shoe-horn,"—and when it came at last to my saying "That will do, it is dinner time now," they both knelt down, clasped me round the knees, and wept like children, and to speak the truth I had a good cry myself; short, sharp, relieving—and unwitnessed by the scornful. With a view to detaching little articles likely to excite cupidity, I gave a large gold seal of my father's, which I was very fond of, to Nekram, one of the bearers, and bade him take care of it. He received it without a word. Some months afterwards, when I was at Cawnpore, and communication with Agra was not yet opened up, I was sitting in a verandah, when a grimy figure in torn clothes, sunburnt and travel-stained, fell, as it were from the sky, at my feet. He took off the greasy coils of his turban, let down the long tail of hair worn by the bearer caste, and from amongst its plaits took out the old family seal! Nekram had not belied his trust: he had struggled through the turbulent country-side from Agra, to deliver this seal to its owner.

There was one member of the household not told of our departure, and as he afterwards became rather a notoriety in a small way I may just mention who he was. The first Bishop of Madras, named Corrie, was a relative of mine. Appointing him to Madras was an instance of putting a round man in a square hole, for he had been one of the early Missionary Chaplains, a contemporary and friend of Martyn, Brown, Thomason, and others; and had spent his whole life

in Bengal and the North-West. He was fond of proselytising, and having, like other Evangelicals of that day, rather perplexed ideas of the tenets of the Latin Church, had considered it a triumph of the Gospel to receive into his own communion a young Catholic whose full names were Joseph Emmanuel De Bourbon. The convert was of astounding parentage, his father being a French half-caste in the military service of Bhopal, and his mother of Armenian, or half-Armenian origin. He spoke English very fairly, or at any rate with only picturesque inaccuracies; and having a certain readiness about him had been employed by my uncle in preaching, and, indeed, had been taken by him to England, where he had appeared on religious platforms in the capacity of "Our Indian Brother." When I was at Agra he found me out. He was in poverty, living entirely in the native fashion, in the bazaar. His lodging was in Padretollah, a quarter where priests have been located more or less since the days of Akbar. It is right, however, to say that though Joseph retained to the last a great love of the priests, he never showed the least wish to return to his old Church. There was a slight trace in his manner to me of the sentiment that he was one of the achievements of my family, and as such fairly chargeable on my civil list. So by degrees he often came to eat at my place, and at last to live at it. He regulated his habits entirely after Indian models, with the exception of sitting in a cane arm-chair, and using a small round table. He was now very old,

apparently infirm, and capable, moreover, of passing as a native without difficulty. To take him on a wild and uncertain journey was thought impossible, and there seemed nothing for it but to privately commend him to the good offices of Badul Khan, who promised faithfully to look after him and to keep him in ignorance of our movements.

The last dinner having been discussed, we drank "To a lucky excursion" on the roof of the house. Then we descended quietly to the porch. It was past eleven and a darkish night, and the forms of our horses and that of a dog-cart, on which our slender baggage and some money-bags were placed, were only dimly discernible. Three sowars who had promised to attend us were duly present. To dissemble the gravity of the moment, I said to Badul Khan: "You will be sure to take care of the canary and the little red parrot!" The answer implied a quite solemn acceptance of the trust. Then "Salam Sahiban" was murmured by many voices, and we slowly moved off. When we got out on the country road, under the trees, there was a sense of relief! The doubt and anxiety passed for the time; the step was taken, and we had to make the best of it. I was rather on the look-out for the prisoners from the large jail at Allahabad, for some had been seen about the day before, at Futtehpore, and one of our party had met a man with a cricket-bat, which looked like the proof of some looting expedition. But no—we met no one; and kept quietly on our way, not caring

to reach the Jumna before daylight. The fields lay very still around, and there were no sounds but those of night birds or jackals—or a watchman shouting from a distant village. There was, however, a place some little distance from the river, big enough to be designated, in up-country phrase, a "bustee,"—and this had a bad character. The people were often implicated in boat robberies. It lay off the road, but a single street straggled out, and the traveller passed for a short way between houses on both sides. The word was passed to trot through this. It was still dark, and there were no lights in any of the little shops. The horses' hoofs sounded on the metalled road. Good heavens! what a hornet's nest we disturbed. We heard afterwards the place was full of convicts. There was a sense of pursuit and the avenger, I suppose, in our rapid passage. From every roof-top there were shouts: men who had been crowded together in sleep sprang to their feet, and cried out as if phantoms were upon them. The change from the silence to this hubbub was very striking.

However, we held on, and soon left the seething village behind, and not long after there came a dim intimation of morning, and we found ourselves in the sand of the Jumna, working our way gradually down to the Summer breadth of water.

But there was no bridge of boats; it had been broken up, and the boats taken to the other side. However, we spread ourselves out on the edge of the

stream so as to be as conspicuous as we could, and shouted to the ferrymen. There was no answer for some time: at length a voice said in good English, "Who are you?" We explained, and then the voice replied: "Wait a few minutes, I come at once." A boat came across, and the owner of the voice turned out to be a clever and pleasant Mahomedan gentleman, who was Deputy-Collector at Banda. He little knew what singular adventures were before him, for up to that time his life had been merely one of official routine. In a year or two from that June morning he was a convict in Rangoon; and not only so, but municipal officer of the town, and married to a Burmese lady. He explained to us that for fear of the village we had hurried through, he had taken the boats to the other side. We of course made the best of our story, and said that we had withdrawn for a time from Futtehpore, and hoped to re-occupy it soon with troops; which indeed took place within a month from that date. The Deputy was friendliness itself—said he was in tents to watch the ghât, but on account of the heat occupied a serai in the daytime. This building was at the edge of a good-sized village named Chilatara, on the river bank. It was a large enclosure, with brick walls and double gates, and lined with rude apartments. Our host begged us to make ourselves as comfortable as we could, and he would swiftly provide something to eat. We all made such a toilet as was possible, and the little bag reminded me, sadly enough, of

my two Hindoos the evening before. Then came tea in little red earthen jars, and some curry and chupatties on plates of the same ware. As the heat was stupendous, I had proposed that we should ride on in the night. But about 1 p.m., when most were asleep, the Deputy came to me and said the village was growing rather uproarious. Whether our sowars had suspected we had money in the dog-cart, and had told the villagers so, I cannot say. But there was evidently an intention to create an alarm, in the hope we should go hurriedly off without the dog-cart. Up to this, though one's orders had not been worth much, still some sort of authority adhered to us, and the behaviour of the people had been respectful. But after the Deputy had gone to see what the state of things really was, two Government *peons*, or messengers, came and sat ostentatiously near me. "I say," cried one, "what would you give for this thing?" holding up his chuprass or brazen badge. "Four annas," his comrade replied. "The brass is worth that—but the Government?" rejoined the first speaker, with a sneer.

The Deputy, on his return, declared that we must start at once for Banda, as the road would not long remain clear. Whether he had really received intelligence to this effect may be doubtful, but we gathered round the dog-cart, and conducted it like the Ark of the Covenant. On getting into the road I looked down the street of the village. There was a

considerable crowd of peasants, but most of them were sitting down: some at shops, some on walls and other elevated places; and there was a tall, stout Zemindar, with a sword in his hand, gesticulating and apparently addressing those present. The Deputy, as he was engaged in ordinary work, including police duties, had with him what is called his "Havilat," or body of persons under trial, and, to take charge of these, a few Nujeebs, with muskets. It was suggested the Havilat people should be let go, and our movements covered by the Nujeebs. This was done. The Nujeebs, who had previously loaded, were drawn across the road, and stood there, till the dog-cart, at any rate, was in safety. The Deputy's tents were being packed; but as soon as the Nujeebs turned towards Banda, the villagers ran in and looted the carts.

However, we moved on. I had been anxious that the sowars should accompany us, not for protection, but to prevent the appearance of our being deserted by our followers. They had not intended going further, but I would not be denied, and they came. The heat was of course about all that India can do in that direction; but I could not complain, for, personally, I obtained some protection, as I got a man to lead my horse, and sat with the Deputy in his little buggy. We reached a large village, and stopped for a few minutes to wash the mouths of the horses, and rest them a little. At this spot, of all conceivable places, a European came up and spoke to me. I could

scarcely believe my eyes. What was he doing, at such a time, in a remote village of Banda? He said he was an apothecary, and bound for some military station further South. Apparently quite ignorant of public affairs and the state of the country, he seemed to be taking things perfectly easy. However, when matters were explained to him, he went and got his wife, who was in a "Serai"—a Eurasian girl—and he and she stowed themselves away in an "ekka," or little covered car, and prepared to accompany us. As I was sitting with the Deputy, one of the Nujeebs came up, and nodded significantly towards Banda, as much as to say: "You had better move on." The villagers looked furtive and odd, and exchanged glances in a curious, undecided way. They were anxious to know if the Deputy was coming out again, and laughed amongst themselves when he said he was. He took the Nujeeb's hint and proceeded. The great heat declined, and it was about five o'clock when we saw, a-head of us, horses, men, and a carriage under some trees. The Deputy told me he had sent a messenger early in the morning to the Magistrate, to say we were coming: he did not tell me what I believe he had added, that we thought he ought to come in with us. The group under the trees was waiting for us. There was a large coach, a regular drag in fact, belonging to the Nawab, with four good horses to draw it, harnessed for four-in-hand. A coachman drove the wheelers with one set of reins, and an off-hand young Mahomedan, who said he "trained" for

his Highness, sat beside to manage the leaders, their reins being quite separate. This strange collaboration worked better than might have been expected. The horses, indeed, were rather full of corn and high spirits, so they occasionally got into confusion, being all jumbled together as if they were playing at football, but the course of the road was kept, and no accident happened. The two men on the box were civil enough; but two others behind, where I occupied the guard's seat, showed the influence of the hour, and were very sullen. The Deputy stuck to his buggy, and engaged to pilot the apothecary and his wife to a place of safety in the city of Banda. We reached the station when night had fallen, and were taken to the Magistrate's house.

Mr. Mayne, to prevent alarm, and keep things quiet, very properly assumed an ignorance of the crisis fast approaching his district, and expressed great regret that the Deputy had left his post on the river. He gave us an excellent dinner, and provided us each with a portion of a room. But our night-ride, our exposure to the heat, and the reaction from excitement to comparative peace, turned us into pillars of torpor, and though we got through the meal, Mayne had great difficulty in clearing his dining-room. One man got as far as the sofa, on his way to bed, but was hopelessly asleep on it in two minutes. Another fellow, when pressed to retire, rose up, turned round once or twice, sank back and dozed off again in the same chair. But

rest did its work, and in the morning we were all right again. Of course I told Mayne that I considered myself under his orders, and would undertake any task he liked to entrust to me, and the others, I knew, would all help. When, however, the Magistrate was not engaged in keeping up the spirits of other people, I could see that his own were at a very low ebb.

There was a body of Native Infantry of the first Regiment which had given signs of disaffection. The Nawab was friendly, but at that time without much influence. News of fresh misfortunes kept coming in every form from the different Tuhseelees, or Sub-Collectorates. Either some underling wrote that the Sub-Collector himself had disappeared, or a Sub-Collector wrote that his chest had been robbed, or some busybody sent intelligence that Sub-Collector, chest, and all, had been seized by an aspiring farmer. Certain independent chieftains, however, beyond our border, both continued to send friendly messages and even to supply matchlock-men, so that, for the moment, the station was fairly quiet, and, as yet, in no way untenable.

# CHAPTER VII.

East and West and South and North
The messengers ride fast.
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet-blast.

MACAULAY

## SCENES AT BANDA.

The Magistrate, as has been said, occupied his own bungalow, and the three officers attached to the wing of Native Infantry lived in their usual quarters. It cannot be doubted that our passage through the district aided in bringing the brooding mischief to a crisis. Mayne was displeased with the Deputy-Collector for leaving the riverside; but it is doubtful whether he could have retained his post more than a day or two longer. For, very shortly after, it was reported that a body of Irregular Cavalry had crossed the Jumna at that very place, had raised the green flag in the village, and had had the new proclamation announced by beat of drum:—

*Khalk-i-Khuda.*
*Mulk-i-Padshah.*
*Hukm-i-Sipah.*

That is to say—"The World is God's; the Empire the King's; the Army is in command." We had a right, of course, to expect all Government servants to be staunch and loyal; but, perhaps, allowance was not always made for the fact that many of the subordinate officers were not by nature suited for posts of danger, nor had they ever professed to be able to meet trying emergencies. Mayne was a sanguine man, and, up to the time of the disturbances, had had a firm hold of his district; but he could not conceal from himself that his authority was crumbling away, as bad report succeeded bad report, and the Thanas and Tuhseelees were, one after the other, isolated from the sudder or central station. He placed some reliance on one or two native chiefs; and to a certain extent they did, it is believed, prevent outrage getting the upper hand. At his request some of our Futtehpore party patrolled the city on horse back before bed-time the second night.

The larger merchants had engaged bodies of match-lock-men, who sat before their doors, or occupied balconies, armed and dressed in a manner highly picturesque, if only of partial efficiency. On the second night, however, after our arrival, just when we were thinking of starting city-wards, there was a cry of fire, and going into the garden we saw that a bungalow in the lines was burning. One of the officers, Fraser, soon rode up, and with the most praiseworthy desire to prevent anxiety said he thought the fire was a mere accident, and that, in the hot

season, thatch and timber did get uncommonly inflammable, there could be no doubt. This, perhaps, was not very satisfactory, but we thought it would do for the city. When we got down there, however, we found a good deal of excitement; but we explained to several groups that an accident had occurred through the extreme dryness of the weather, and as the fire really was put out, and no other bungalow caught, after a time some degree of confidence seemed to be restored.

It was on the third morning, I think, that an astounding spectacle broke upon my view. Who should walk in, important and serious, to be sure, but still in an ordinary sort of way, but Joseph Manuel? It has been said—his habits were mostly native, and his dress that curious compromise affected by native Christians, smoking-cap, chupkun and shoes, with strings; but on this occasion he appeared in the character of a fakir—a loin cloth, and another miscellaneous cloth tied round his head. He stated that Badul Khan had been willing to escort him to the West, but that he had dreaded the journey, and had gone into the town to see if anyone would give him shelter. Finding, however, that the Mussulman faction was entirely at the head of affairs, he determined to start at night, and try to join us. It was from him the particulars of poor Tucker's death were obtained, and I have reason to believe they were substantially true. One point only has been omitted from his narrative. He always stated that the Deputy-Collector

Hikmut Oollah was present, and, indeed, read passages from the Koran. He was probably mistaken in this particular. The Deputy was a timid and wavering man, notwithstanding his abilities; and there seems no doubt, from what came out at his trial, that he was not at first disposed to take a prominent part in the revolt. Of course Joseph's appearance filled one with remorse for having left him; but his restoration to strength, and endurance during these troubled times, were altogether a phenomenon, a possibility upon which no one could have reckoned. He had escaped molestation on the road, passing as a mendicant, and indeed one Zemindar had ordered him food, and begged him to rest himself. Wonders were not to cease, for scrambling along at night, and purchasing shelter from poor people by day, a young clerk, the only one that had remained at Futtehpore, but who at the last moment could not be found, and who, as we took it, had made off—turned up in Banda, and could only explain his disappearance by a bout of dissipation, which at least seemed strangely unseasonable.

Inquiries plainly showing that the bungalow had been fired by the Sepoys, Mayne very properly thought it necessary to take certain precautions. Some of the small community had, at the Nawab's invitation, taken up their quarters in his Palace, and Mayne thought it would be well, for a time at least, to abandon his house, and move also to the Palace, whither the Nawab was anxious he should at once

come. So we all abandoned the bungalow, and went down to the town. You entered under a handsome gateway, and then found a large enclosure, on one side of which was one of those picturesque buildings based on Mahomedan architecture, but not devoid of incongruities and hybrid additions. There was one large hall, sufficiently enclosed, and provided with means of cooling the air, lofty and spacious, full of all kinds of old furniture, crockery, ornaments, and rubbish of different kinds. This was our saloon! Men slept in the verandah around this place, and the two ladies in little inside apartments. The imagery of that Palace was easy enough to take in at this time, but it has not been so easy to get rid of again, and I suppose it will remain in one's mind, as long as life lasts, connected with the ideas of suspense, anxiety, and mental trouble. The nights were fatiguing, for in addition to the heat and musquitoes, there was constant disturbance. Chowkeedars came and bawled, sentries kept shouting out, and patrols of sowars frequently rode by. Memory recalls most vividly the ring of the hoofs, the jingle of the bridles, and the excited voices, asking for and giving the pass words. The Nawab was very civil, and we were well provided for. He was a youngish man, small and slight, but very active in frame, and with a lively kind of fatuous manner about him. Very badly brought up, and pampered with every indulgence by his elder female relations, he had gone wrong, morally, pretty well as far as he could; but his natural disposition

was easy and good-natured, and he seemed free from resentment, for Mayne had naturally often had to thwart his wishes to keep his property straight at all; but he showed no alteration of manner in face of the misfortunes which were threatening the British power. Once or twice he came in the evening and sat with us; and I remember his offering a small contribution to the general entertainment. He had a figure, a leopard or something of that sort, whose head was secured by a magnet, and could be separated momentarily from its body. "His Highness," cried one of his household, "will now cut off the head of this little animal." His Highness, however, had had rather too much liqueur, aniseed or what not, and was, moreover, seized with a fit of hiccups. With the assistance of an attendant, however, he at last succeeded in decapitating his leopard, and general applause succeeded. Like most native households, the Nawab's establishment contained one or two Christians of mixed parentage, who filled different posts connected with the servants or the estates. There was a handsome young man named Bruce, who was Agent in village management, and a stout dark man, called Captain Shepherd, who was supposed to command a heterogeneous lot termed the Palace Guards.

Matters were growing worse daily between the officers and the Sepoys: the former, indeed, went as usual to the lines, but they prudently abstained from giving direct orders, as insubordination was

clearly abroad, Mayne had got an idea into his head that an old dismantled fort on the river Cane could be made sufficiently defensible for a refuge in case of an outbreak. And he had been making some preparations for supplying it with guns and having tent equipage taken down there. The idea of retaining his station did him honour, but this particular scheme was scarcely a practicable one.

Be that as it may, in the course of his arrangements, he thought that two old guns, which were located at this jail, had better be removed to the fort, both to be out of the way of the Sepoys and also to be safe in his own possession. But when he sent carts and men to the Darogha for the removal of the guns, this ominous answer was returned: "The Subahdar Sahib says No." There was no mistaking that, at any rate. The Subahdar had come to visit the guard, had observed the carts, had asked their object, and knowing it, had said "*Hukm nahin.*" This news came early in the morning, I think, and naturally agitated Mayne very much; who felt that there was scarcely room in so small a place for two Kings of Brentford. So he went to the Nawab, and asked if he would assist in compelling the Sepoys to give up the guns. The Nawab replied that he certainly would, and the morning was spent in arranging plans. The Sepoys had altogether broken with their officers, and these latter had come over to the Palace. We had dinner between three and four, and Captain Shepherd was got up in

uniform, and highly important; but it was observed with some dismay that he was taking a very great quantity of sherry. The evening came slowly on. The Nawab had perhaps some twenty-five sowars, got up in the theatrical tag-rag style of Palace troops, and some fifty Sepoys. Arrangements had been made about our different duties. Mayne and his compeer Webster, a fine well-mounted man, and one or two others, were to accompany the party, and, Captain Shepherd having fallen asleep, Bennett, one of the officers, was to command the Sepoys. Others were to look after those left in the Palace. The Cavalry was to be under the Nawab himself. He got himself up in a red chupkun, wore a sword on each side, and was greatly amused at his position. "This is strange! Fancy me in battle! Of course I have often knocked over things in the jungle, for sport, but I never killed a cat in anger, and now imagine!—killing a man!" I believe he was quite sincere, and had no idea of what was going to happen.

The muskets were piled in the courtyard, and everything was prepared for the expedition. The plan was to march to the jail and bring away the guns. If the Sepoys offered no resistance, well and good; if they did, an attempt was to be made to take the guns by force. The Nawab got on his horse, and put himself at the head of the sowars, who were all drawn up in a line by the gate. Mayne said: "We are all ready now;" and Bennett, who was a very tall man, stepped forward and gave the order: "Unpile arms."

Not a man stirred! Bennett turned to the Sepoy next him, and saying: "Do you hear the command?" pushed him forward. An old Jemadar of the guard immediately drew his sword. "What!" he cried, "is a Sepoy to be struck like a coolie?" Then complete confusion reigned for a few minutes. The men all rushed to their arms, amidst loud cries of "*Deen! Deen!*" (the Faith!) and ran tumultuously out of the gateway. The sowars hesitated for a moment; but one of them setting the example of decamping, they all galloped out of the enclosure, leaving the Nawab on horseback—by himself! He dismounted and came up to Mayne. There was no appearance of duplicity about him; he spoke quite collectedly and to good purpose. "This is no place for you any longer," he said. "When my own servants disobey me I am powerless. I recommend you to go to Nagode. Stay here, if you like, to-night. The Palace is at your disposal; but I say again, I cannot trust my people any longer." I think it due to the memory of the Nawab, who afterwards pleaded the excuse, to declare that my impression is that Mayne *did* say: "If I do go, I delegate my authority to you, and you must hold Banda for the British Government."

Attendants were clamorous for the Nawab to go within the private apartments. They closed around him and carried him off. Other influential natives came up and strongly urged Mayne to go before the guards returned. The decision was taken. There was some little hurry and scuffle. A phæton, a dog-cart,

and a buggy were got ready. Someone touched my arm, saying: "Here is your horse." I mounted my grey. Guided by instinct, but under no special orders, we formed a cavalcade. Joseph was promised a lift, together with some office hands, in a miscellaneous conveyance. The ladies came out and got into the phaeton. Mayne had some sowars with him; but my three Futtehpore men did not show themselves. The sun had gone down just as we passed out of the gateway.

## CHAPTER VIII.

This army's but a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants—rude and merciless!

* * * * * *

Their vow is made
To ransack Troy. And that's the quarrel!

SHAKSPEARE.

### NOMAD LIFE

Our departure from Banda came very suddenly at last, but Mayne, though his mind dwelt on his proposed refuge on the river Cane, could not but be aware that chance would likely enough decide our movements, and had felt anxious about Kirwee. For at this outpost Mr. Cockerell was endeavouring to keep up authority. Mayne had written urgently to him, to beg him to come into the station, and we had been expecting him all day. The necessity for our abrupt abandonment of the Palace was that it was obvious the Nawab had for the time lost all authority. Had his men returned with the Sepoys there is no

saying what might not have happened. One or two clerks and others in connection with Mayne's office kept their eyes on his movements, and were quite ready to start with us; but those employed by the Nawab had confidence in him, and preferred to remain.

We got clear of the town without opposition, and indeed without notice, and were passing under some trees in the now fading light, when a crash was heard ahead; and riding up, I found that the Judge, who was driving a one-horse phæton, had missed the road, and upset the vehicle into a ditch. There were two ladies in it, and one of them, Mrs. W., was obviously hurt, though she made very light of it at the time. The carriage was wrecked, and had to be left, and its incumbents distributed in the dog-carts.

Some sowars who had accompanied Mayne—indeed two were mounted on his horses—took advantage of the imbroglio, and galloped off. But two others who were in front, and could not well pass us, shared our fortunes. This is merely mentioned as one instance of many, in which natives seemed to act in the matter of fidelity on the mere impulse of the moment. As we got into the open the sky behind us began to redden, and then, from the spreading glow, shafts of fire shot up into the air, and the illumination extended to the zenith. The Sepoys had made a bonfire of all the bungalows and public offices. The effect was most striking, as we slowly pursued our way along the road rendered

doubtful and gloomy by the sky at our back. Far into the night the fire blazed and quivered above its own smoke, and it was almost morning before the last lurid streaks died out of the horizon. The word was passed down about midnight to be cautious, as a turbulent village had to be passed. But sleep had calmed all passions, and as we moved through the irregular street there were only the watchmen with their bamboo staves, curious to know who we were, but too excited and frightened to ask. As the first light of the day broke we reached another small place, where there was a pond, and here we halted for a few minutes, and rode into the water to cool the dusty legs of the horses. Uncertain as the future was, it was an immense relief to be free—to be out in the open air—and no longer subject to apprehensions and anxiety. Scenes in "Gil Blas" and other picturesque fictions occurred to the mind, where the hero had been in a terrible fix—lodged in prison or bound by robbers, and by some sudden turn of fortune found himself his own master again, on the highway, prepared for new characters and fresh adventures. One's spirits rose, and what was coming seemed of little importance in the delight of having got rid of the odious past.

The Sepoys at Banda belonged to the 1st Regiment of Native Infantry, a party of them had been sent with treasure to Nagode, and it was now time they should be back again. But, although they were almost momently expected, little uneasiness was

felt, as all our party were armed, and there seemed no reason to suppose the Sepoys would provoke a quarrel in which there was nothing to gain. Still it was just a sensation that it would be pleasanter when the meeting was over. After leaving the village we came to a ridge from which there was a long slope leading down to far away, and ending in a stream. As we were descending this—the declivity was very gradual—we saw dust at a great distance, and this developed into a body of men with carts approaching. It was undoubtedly the treasure party. We closed in a little, and awaited events. Sepoys by themselves, on a warm day, get rid of their pantaloons, and array themselves in their comfortable loin cloths. Then they put handkerchiefs under their shakos; but, somewhat ungirt as they looked, they all had their muskets over their shoulders, and advanced keeping abreast of the leisurely bullock carts. There were three of the officers of the 1st with us, and Bennett, by his height, was distinguishable from afar. We passed each other quite close.

The Jemadar saluted Bennett, and, as if explaining his position, said: "We are returning to Banda, Sahib: and you?" Bennett answered he was going to Nagode. "Shall you be back soon?" the other asked, as coolly as could be. Bennett replied that his movements were uncertain. The Jemadar then saluted again, and went on. A more singular interview, surely, has not often taken place! There is no wish to add to the numberless pages in which the Mutiny

has been discussed, but every eye-witness is bound to testify how far the occurrences struck him as a Revolt, because this certainly affects the serious question of how the country was governed: People do not revolt if they are happy. Now, in Futtehpore, what had been witnessed was a claim on the part of the Mahomedans to resume an authority which they considered the English no longer able to wield: the cause of this impotence, be it remembered, being the disloyalty of the Native Army. Then, besides this, there were the high jinks of a peasantry, poor and ignorant, intent on loot, and dissatisfied with Government, not because it was the English Government, but because it was Government. And this is the Nemesis of despotism, that the people are bred up to look on Government as boys look on a schoolmaster. To be obeyed, if you must; and hoodwinked and cajoled, if you can. Here, then, on this long slope, where we met the Sepoys, we saw a wonderful sight. The peasantry swarming into empty bungalows at Futtehpore looked like revolt; but here we saw them literally scampering over the country like so many monkeys, doing mischief in each other's villages, and occasionally having a turn up with lattees * in the open. This was clearly Outbreak, not Revolt. Whether the peasantry were poor in consequence of the heavy assessment of Banda is another question. All that we then witnessed was the

* Cudgels.

Witches' Sabbath of untaught, needy, unprincipled village roughs—not a political demonstration at all, and I believe the case was at bottom the same in Futtehpore.

It was nearly noon when we reached Kalinjur, and put up at the thana, which was in the centre of the village. We had two doctors with us, one from Futtehpore, and Dr. Clark of Banda, and the first opportunity now occurred of ascertaining how far Mrs. W. had been injured by the upset. It was found her collar-bone was broken. It is truly wonderful how ladies will endure in silence, sustained by their courage and unselfishness. It was horrible to think what a long night of pain Mrs. W. must have passed. But she made no complaint. In the village the sweetmeat-sellers were unwilling to serve us even when money was offered, so that we had to put the coin down and take a reasonable quantity ourselves. In the afternoon, too, a curious demonstration took place. Some Mahajuns, or native merchants, money-lenders, and so on, who had apparently hired men to watch and guard their houses, made them all parade in a procession past our thana. They did not say anything, so the idea evidently was to upbraid us with our loss of authority. There was a disposition, too, in some of the young men towards evening to hang about and interfere with the preparations for starting. However, before sunset we were on the march again, and ascending towards hills which lay at some distance. And as we wound along we kept on our

left the wonderful fort of Kalinjur, all dismantled, but still displaying the matchless skill with which an immensely strong natural position had been seized on, and rendered, for all old-world modes of attack, impregnable. Whilst passing this fort, a rifle fell out of one of the dog-carts, and, going off, a ball was lodged in the fetlock of a horse belonging to Hutchinson, the Futtehpore doctor.

He attempted to extract the ball, but finding it embedded, and supposing the horse would suffer exceedingly from movement, he took off the saddle and bridle, and abandoned the animal by the wayside. But Joseph Manuel, who was seated in some strange vehicle with clerks and one or two old women, thought the occasion not one to be thrown away. There had been no time at Banda to attend to his wardrobe, and therefore he was simply dressed in a loin cloth and a little linen cap; the heat, indeed, rendered such an airy costume by no means inappropriate. From some one, too, he had obtained a sword without a scabbard, and borrowing a watering-bridle from one of the syces, he secured Hutchinson's horse and mounted him. The animal was quite able to move, and seemed pleased to rejoin the cavalcade, but old Joseph was a most comical sight. Naked himself, on a naked horse, and with his drawn sword held to his shoulder with an air worthy of Marshal Schomberg, he did much to lighten the journey with laughter. All that night the road lay amongst the hills, and surrounded by scenery unfamiliar to those who dwelt

in the Doab, but pretty enough as far as the imperfect light disclosed it. The region was part of the territories of the Raja of Punna, and his people were fairly civil. Water was very scarce, and at one or two guard-posts where it was found they said it was brought from a long distance. The party were willing to pay for it, and the Punna men to accept the offer. Mayne had managed to write from Kalinjur to Major Ellis, Political Agent at Nagode, and that gentleman had sent out a barouche for the ladies, one stage from his station. The ladies got in, and Mayne and I were asked to accompany them.

A few words about Banda. The next morning after the party left was a sorrowful and sanguinary one enough. There is no reason to think that the Nawab was in any way consenting to the proceedings, and indeed it would appear he was so far a prisoner in his own zenana that his relatives and retainers did what they could to keep him there. The Sepoys and Palace guards, and the rabble of the town, made common cause, and riot and bloodshed prevailed. Those we had passed the afternoon with were all murdered, with their belongings. Poor Shepherd and Bruce, the females of their households, and some Christians in the bazaar—met their deaths early in the morning. Cockerell yielded at last to the solicitations that he should leave Kirwee. But too late. We had hoped against hope that he might catch us up at Kalinjur. But he rode into Banda the day after we had left, before the sun had got hot.

He reached the Palace gate, supposing he should soon be amongst friends. But having entered this portal, he was attacked and killed at once. It is well known that the Nawab received and protected several British fugitives when he recovered authority, and that his mother behaved kindly to ladies. He did very well as long as he kept Sepoys out of the station, and if fortune had favoured him he might have lived to receive thanks and honours from the Government he had seemed anxious to support. But luck was against him. There was, in the end, a great gathering of rebels at Banda, and when they went out against General Whitlock they compelled or induced the Nawab to go with them. I do not know whether the two swords were in requisition again, but he was taken in arms, was deprived of his estates, put on a pension, and sent to Ajmere. Thence he wrote to me, being probably afraid of Mayne, and reminding me of the sojourn in the Palace, asked me to exert myself in his behalf. I replied that I had a warm sense of his kindness under trying circumstances, but that it would be mere presumption in me to come forward in a political case. And I could not but add that a home and a pension represented treatment so different from what other nobles in actual rebellion against the British power had received, that it seemed clear his hospitality and friendliness had been already taken into consideration. He died not long after. But a few years afterwards his son actually took a journey

to call upon me, and said he had often heard my name from his father. So the unfortunate Nawab harboured no resentment; not being a hero he did not exhibit heroic conduct, but I believe if he had been left to follow his own wishes, he would not have rebelled. Worse men had better fortune.

To return to the fugitives, who got into the carriage. We were weary enough, and the easy rolling of the vehicle was very pleasant, and so, chatting away, we found ourselves in the street of Nagode. Looking out from under the hood, I was greatly surprised to see people running about in an excited way, some with bundles under their arms, some dragging children along, all in anxiety and expectation. It seemed a straggling, stony kind of place, the shops only occurring here and there; but some of these were closed, and at others the owners were busy fastening up the bamboo hurdles that did service for shutters. We were driving slowly, and at last came to a stand-still, when a tall, middle-aged man, in a sola topee, without a coat, but actively girdled up, and with a sword in his hand, came to the side of the carriage. "You are some of the party from Banda?" he asked. "Yes, this is Mayne, and these are the ladies." "Major Ellis will put up some and I others. I am Cole, Assistant Agent." "I will stay with you," I said, to make a commencement of the division, and I got out. "Come along," cried Cole, "we will go to my house presently. There is a panic going on, and I like to be here in case of being wanted. I am with the

Raja." We went together to some large gates in a native house of considerable extent, and after being subjected to certain watchwords, supplied, of course, by my companion, were cautiously admitted into an archway, and the gates were shut again.

Drawn down exactly in front of the entrance was a six-pounder cannon, or one, at any rate, that looked of that calibre, and in charge, with lighted port-fires, were servants of the Raja, got up in the odd toggery affected by princely retinues in the East. Cole introduced me to the Raja, a thin, rather forlorn personage, who had selected this stormy period for having a sore nose. That organ, naturally of unusual proportions, and now swollen by internal fires, was out of all proportion to the long, thin, Don Quixote face. His Highness kindly took me into a small darkened apartment, where a thermantidote was spinning softly round, and supplied, most thoughtfully, a sherbet of pomegranate or other innocuous fruit, wherewith to refresh the inner man. But there was a sort of ottoman there, covered with cool, white cloth, enticing with soft pillows, and I felt that, come what political changes might, I must sleep. We had been on horseback the whole of two nights, and what with heat and dust, and one thing or another, nature now took the matter into her own hands. I lay down, was asleep in two minutes, and did not awake again till the evening.

The station was garrisoned by the 50th Regiment N. I., and in respect to this corps, Colonel Malleson,

in his "History of the Mutiny," writes as follows: "There was one station in Bandalkhand, and only one, in which the native troops stationed did not mutiny. This was the station of Nagode. The regiment there quartered, the 50th Native Infantry, stood firm to the last, fourteen men in the whole regiment having alone shown symptoms of disaffection." Nor was the misconduct of these men displayed until a later period—27th August. From a testimony so honourable to the corps no one naturally would wish to detract by a single careless word. It remains, however, a fact that the news of the approach of the Banda caravan, exaggerated and distorted, doubtless, in native rumour, had greatly excited the men, though the excitement had been admirably guided and controlled by their officers. But the news of a considerable ferment in the lines spread into the town, and though I believe there were no symptoms of outbreak, a regular panic had set in. This was what we had witnessed in the street, and it was against the possible consequences of this that the Raja, with his exaggerated nose, had taken warlike precautions. But when I awoke all was calm again, and the kindly Cole was present to offer the hospitalities of his house. On reaching his bungalow I found most of the Futtehpore party; and a parcel of rough strangers we were, uncouth in appearance, and retaining little of civilisation except a capacity for good food and beer. We were all most ably catered for by Mrs. Cole, and accommodated, obviously not

with bedrooms, but with bedding or wrappings, on which sleep was admirably effected in the verandah. Major Ellis, with whom the ladies and some of our party put up (the rest being received by officers), was a scholar of some distinction, and well acquainted with the history of the part of the country in which his duties lay, the legends of the Bhondelas Bhagelas, and so on. He had accumulated an extensive and valuable library, and with the natural affection of a student for his books, felt great apprehension for its safety. He might well do so. During the subsequent troubles of the Autumn, the agent only abandoned Nagode for a single night, when he visited the Raja of Punna, who had always asked him to come in case of emergency. On his return, of the volumes he had sedulously collected for thirty years not a vestige remained. The whole library had been reduced to ashes.

Kindly treated and comfortable though we were, Macnaughten, who had been assistant at Futtehpore, and myself, were very anxious to push on, and get within hail of our Commissioner. The party that had arrived from Banda in some measure broke up, for the officers of the 1st Regiment who had accompanied us were put nominally under arrest, to enable them to account for their absence from their corps. And as the country around was fairly safe, it was not necessary that onward movement should be pursued in absolute caravan fashion. As Macnaughten and I were inquiring who were bound for Rewah, and ulti-

mately for Mirzapur, it was reported to Major Ellis that we were contemplating a start, and prompted certainly by some good public motive, he wrote an official letter to me saying that as he might possibly be able to employ our services, he must forbid our leaving Nagode. We wrote back that our move, far from having as its object escape from duty, was simply dictated by the desire to put ourselves at the disposal of our own Commissioner, and we felt sure Major Ellis did not wish to transfer officers from one part of the country to another, without definite authority for the purpose. He wrote back that he did not so wish, and we started.

Old Joseph was still so ill-supplied with clothes that I did not like to take him on, and Cole kindly offered shelter in his compound, so he was left, with sufficient funds to enable him to follow us, if matters got more settled in the Doab. The rains were fully due, but still held off, fortunately, for heavy wet would have increased our difficulties. We were still a large party, most of the Futtehpore men, the ladies, Webster, and, for part of the way, Mayne. Night of course was chosen for our departure, on account of the heat, and with sincere thanks to our kind hosts off we started. The long hours brought us, before the sun was oppressively high up, to Mahere, a very pretty place, with one or more curious conical hills, which, as in the case of most of the phenomena of nature in India, had been appropriated to devotional purposes, and crowned with venerated shrines. At

this place we got on a once celebrated line of communication, the Deccan Road, now greatly superseded by the railway: and on this at stated intervals were staging bungalows, so that without difficulty we proceeded till we reached Rewah, the capital of the independent kingdom of that name. For the sake of accommodation we did not keep always together, but broke up into twos and threes so as to use the bungalows in turn. When the party I was with reached the staging house at Rewah, we were received by a youngish English officer—looking indeed younger than he really was—well dressed, jaunty and amusing, who gave no sort of impression of being in any responsible position, and did the honours of the bungalow as if the poaching of eggs and the currying of fowls were on the whole as important duties as life presented. But this airy and wholly wonderful person was Lieutenant Willoughby Osborne, a young Political, who was performing the astounding feat of keeping Rewah quiet, entirely by himself. A solitary European without a comrade; a soldier, you may say, without a regiment, was by sheer force of character overawing the authorities of Rewah.

The King had made off to a jungle fortress at that particular juncture; but shortly before we arrived a Durbar had been held, where the Sudder Ameen, who was a Mahomedan, had spoken against the British Government, and on hearing him (or learning about him, he may possibly not have been present) Osborne insisted on the King putting him under arrest, and

was so urgent that his wishes were actually carried out, and the Sudder Ameen found himself in prison. To give the impression of being generally aware of what was going on, Osborne moved about a good deal, travelling hither and thither on the mail cart still remaining in these territories. As he was passing a village on one accasion, a Brahmin, who seemed to be a man in authority, took the opportunity of calling him what may be translated as a "blackguard Feringhee," or "Frank." An ill-fated speech! Osborne stopped the cart, descended, seized the Brahmin, tied him behind with the horse's heel-ropes, and started again. After a long run of some miles the breathless one was relieved at an uncomfortable distance from his home, with the recommendation to be more circumspect in his language for the future. I hope our company was some gratification, after such anxious solitude, to this brave and remarkable man. His society was certainly most exhilarating to us, giving us increased trust in our cause, and a desire to aid it to the best of our powers.

The rains still held off. One could not but remember how, in former years, one had watched the sky in the overpowering heat for symptoms of coming disturbance, whilst now as great desire was felt that the dry sunshine might last a little longer. It lasted, but the mornings and the evenings were growing overcast, and at length we approached Mirzapore, Bews having given me a seat in his dog-cart, and as we sat there —strange figures wrapt in native blankets—we could

scarcely wonder at the rain which descended in torrents and danced and glinted from its own puddles on the road. On, on—through the streaming streets and under the dripping trees—till we pulled up at the noble old house then occupied by the Magistrate, but afterwards usually the home of the Judge, till, some years later, during my tenancy, it ceased to be so; for the hungry river gnawed the banks around it, and left it—if more conspicuous—uncomfortable, and only moderately safe. We were welcomed by St. George Tucker, brother of the gentleman I had parted from in the little garden-plot at Futtehpore. And standing by him, as his Assistant, was a young man since not unknown in Famine history, and afterwards still better known in India: Charles Elliott. I would mention a trifling incident as illustrative of the times. After descending that remarkable Ghaut which separates the little land of Rewah from the valley of the Ganges, we reached a staging bungalow, where a native Raja, belonging to the Allahabad district, was awaiting our arrival. Eggs in profusion, plenty of milk, all the vegetables in season; hay for our horses, sweetmeats for our men—all were forthcoming. And I "must write a certificate" to say how we had been welcomed; for of the loyalty of a Prince, who catered for English nomads without even being asked to do so, who could doubt? "Perhaps I would especially remark that the Raja who held this testimonial had warmly espoused the British side." Would you learn the cause of our host's solicitude? Neill had reached Benares!

# CHAPTER IX.

A growing care,
As if a voice within them cried "Beware!"
A vague presentiment of impending doom,
Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room!

LONGFELLOW.

## MAKING FOR HEADQUARTERS.

It was Sunday, but we had lost note of time, and were only recalled to the fact when St. George Tucker suggested afternoon Church. The little fabric used for Divine service was just opposite his gate, and was of the order of architecture which might be called "gimcrack." It looked as if one so disposed might lift it off the ground, put a pastille under it, replace it and allow the fragrant smoke to issue out of the little steeple. However, as Tucker simply remarked, "devotion was pretty well the only stand-by left." So we, in due course, when refreshed and dried, assembled and heard prayers read.

The position of Mirzapore was peculiar; the Sepoys

had not mutinied, and there had been no outbreak in the city. It was said that owing to the suggestions of Colonel Pott, who commanded the regiment, and through whose admirable arrangements it was kept at least from open sympathy with the rebel cause, many of the Sepoys who had saved money had lent it out at interest in the place. Neither a sudden departure nor a rising of the rabble suited, therefore, the views of these men. Still, the feeling was very far from being one of security; recent events at Benares had created great excitement, and there was the chance that the Sepoys might break out from apprehension of attack; whilst in the city the merchants and bankers were timid and cold-hearted, and there had always existed, beside and around these, a strong element of bad characters. The atmosphere, however, at the Magistrate's house was one of hope and calmness.

We had, of course, to keep our onward progress steadily in view, and hearing that a steamer was expected with troops for Allahabad, it seemed a good plan to secure a passage, and let our horses come after us by road. Our party had gradually dwindled; the ladies were moving South; on others Allahabad had no claim; Mayne had gone back Rewah way, to remain near his own district. But we were still five or six, and being informed that the steamer had arrived, and having made arrangements with our servants, we went down to the ghât. The steamer was duly there, and we went on board, and

found it full of men of the 64th Queen's. We were just arranging to stow away our traps, when Major Stirling, who commanded the detachment, came up, and though he was perfectly courteous, yet he remonstrated, strongly enough, against our coming on board. He said the crowding was uncomfortable as it was, that the boat had knocked a hole in her bottom, which had only been tinkered up, that she moved very slowly, and any additional weight, however slight, was undesirable. Macnaughten, excellent fellow as he always was, keeping the goal steadily in view, thought we ought to persevere, notwithstanding the fact that we were clearly unwelcome. But Bews and I thought that if the boat was so slow, the object of our going in it was in a measure removed, and at last it was decided that we should land again, and at once start by road. And this we did, returning to St. George Tucker's house, waiting till sunset, and then mounting and riding down to the ferry.

After crossing the river we proceeded gently along—gently indeed, perforce, for we did not intend to stop for more than baiting till we reached Allahabad. About eleven at night we struck the main road from Benares, and found the dâk bungalow at that point occupied by English soldiers. There were tents in the enclosure, and a couple of officers were still sitting in the verandah, smoking. They were rather entertained at the idea of a small party of their countrymen riding about in the night, and were desirous of acting as hosts. Escorted by them we visited the kitchen, their

messman kindly supplied us with food and beer, and we sat under the trees and discussed our welcome provender. On inquiry it was thought I was the lightest sleeper, so the rest lay down under a neem-tree for a snooze, from which I was to awake them. I fastened my bridle to my arm, and knowing that my horse, being an Arab, would avoid trampling on me or hurting me, I slept myself—but of course, under my existing responsibility, the sleep was for little scraps of five or ten minutes only, causing me to start each time to wonder why on earth I should be in bed on the ground, and have a horse tied to me. At last it was two o'clock, and I ruthlessly made the others get up, and off we went. I recollect seeing two men hanging on a tree near this place, and in the dim light they looked ghastly enough; but I believe they had paid a just penalty, being two of the Zemindars who had betrayed and murdered young Moore in their village, a few days before. We rode on till daybreak, and then, after a little consultation, decided to hold on as long as we could, make one halt, and so push on to Allahabad by night-fall. The weather was overcast, but not wet, and we persevered till past noon, and then pulled up at a dâk bungalow. Travelling was perfectly safe; troops had passed up the road, and indeed the journey was melancholy from desolation rather than exciting from adventure.

In the strips of village streets adjoining the highway the shops were latticed up with bamboo hurdles, other dwellings showed traces of having been fired,

and there were very few people in sight anywhere. Some unnecessary violence had, perhaps, been shown by those passing upwards, but of course much excitement prevailed. Many wild stories of the treatment of isolated Englishmen by natives were abroad, and Thomas Atkins naturally enough found it difficult to draw distinctions, so the very sight of a black man made him rather uproarious. We were soon in the saddle again, and reached the ferry opposite Dara Gunj at Allahabad by sunset. The river had risen a great deal from rain up-country, and we had some little trouble with the young fellows managing the boats. They were in a flighty, disobedient mood, and on our threatening one of them he jumped overboard, so that we had to be a little diplomatic.

I had written to our Commissioner, Mr. Chester, from Mirzapore, and he kindly came down to meet me in his buggy. Of course he had much to tell, for I was only partially acquainted with the strange events that had taken place at Allahabad. The whole story is so well known that I will not dwell on it for a moment, but I may mention one circumstance I have never seen in print. Besides the trouble which the Sepoys, rebels, and bad characters of the place had given, some difficulties also had arisen from our own countrymen. Indirectly connected with the railway was one romantic and remarkable young man, the son of an eminent geologist, who could not refrain from eccentric acts. When the town was in its most ticklish state, and the Sepoys only too

anxious for any pretext for offence, this youth must needs go and shoot a cow that had strayed into his compound. He seemed quite unaware that he had done anything imprudent, and spoke of the animal rather as a *fera naturæ* which he had discovered in his own domain. After the outbreak had taken place, and as soon as our people began to leave the Fort, this strange man was bitten with a desire to become a pirate. He rigged up a boat, put on board a quantity of loot he found lying about, and cruised up and down the river in his mysterious bark, amusing himself, amongst other employments, with a piano he had picked up in some deserted bungalow. That he would have been heard of generally, for good or evil, seems certain, as he was out of the common run, but death from fever or cholera put an end to his whimsical career.

Chester drove me to the *Red Lion*, the name given to a large house which had formerly been occupied by the Judge, but was now used as a civil barrack, and in which were collected a company of local civilian refugees from Oudh, railway engineers, and others. I was introduced to Dr. Irving, who had charge of the mess, and who was good enough to admit my comrades and myself to the privilege of the Club as long as we stayed. We soon sat down to dinner, and then, of course, we heard the current news. Havelock had arrived, and was only awaiting carriage to proceed to Cawnpore. Renaud, of the Madras Fusiliers, had started with his detachment

to prepare the way for the coming brigade. We were all talking without special knowledge, and as people do talk who are not behind the scenes, freely and critically, and it may perhaps be added foolishly. But the general feeling was one of regret that Neill should have been superseded. He had established a reputation for great decision of character at Benares, and he seemed so especially suited for the work in hand.

Then, too, as some delay was now taking place about transport, for which, probably, General Havelock was in no way responsible, it pleased us uninstructed critics to think that Neill would not have bothered about carts and bearers, and that the hitch was the fault of the new Commander. All our beds stood side-by-side; there were five or six in the verandah where I lay, so one could not complain of loneliness.

After breakfast, the next morning, I and another strolled out. It was quite cloudy and overcast, and coming at length to an open space we found a gallows on which nine men were hanging. The odd thing was there was not a soul in sight. There was a bazaar not far off, but it was deserted, and these nine dead men were absolutely by themselves. The state of affairs, when reprisals began at Allahabad, has been described by others, and I have no wish to judge of actions that were doubtless intended to make short work with the disaffected, and so speedily end the necessity of punishment at all. But something

was said about "making examples" by stringing up people for slight offences. The nine coolies by themselves seemed to answer that notion. The native community would not have cared a straw if a thousand coolies had perished. It was, I think, on our return from this rather uncomfortable walk that we saw a well-horsed mail phaeton driven by a veterinary surgeon known for his turns-out. By his side was sitting a tall, broad, and full-fleshed man in Khakee uniform dress, and a turbaned helmet. He descended to see the Magistrate, and make some inquiries on business. Very free-spoken, animated enough in his manner, and defiant rather in gesture, he was a man about whom interest was at once excited. As it was the first time I had seen him, I did not know who he was. But the rumour soon spread that it was Neill who had come. Of course, one looked more minutely at him then, for he was quite the hero of the hour, and certainly for decision, command, dash, and all that is necessary to inspire confidence and insure obedience, he looked every inch his reputation.

Chester told me that afternoon I was to go with General Havelock when he started, but it was not certain whether he would be able to march the next day or not. It had not rained since the day we reached Mirzapore, but each evening clouds were thickly collecting, and we went to bed usually expecting a torrent. But the clouds blew off again. Two days, if not more, passed; and at last one morn-

ing positive tidings came that the General would start that afternoon. The camp had been sent on a mile or two out of Allahabad, and on the afternoon of the 7th of July the troops left the Fort of Allahabad. I had made all the little arrangements I could; chiefly with the view to great wet, which we knew was upon us. A sergeant's "paul" had been assigned to me, and Bews, with whom I had left Futtehpore, was to share it. A large curtain over an exaggerated clothes-horse will do for a description of a "paul." We sent on two horses, and, after luncheon, borrowed a buggy—for it had come on to rain outrageously—and drove to camp. The fields where the camp was set up were a sea of mud, and as evening was coming on we struggled into our tent, where we were very uncomfortable indeed. There was nothing to eat or drink; the earth steamed up, and we sat on our beds, drenched as if in a vapour bath. Insects of all sorts were attracted by our light, and either dashed into the flame, or singed their wings and fell on the table. All the noises of the rains were present: frogs and earth-crickets—with, at intervals, the splashing of showers and bubbling of water-courses. Bews and I were laughing at our plight when I heard my name called. It was Lynch, an officer I had known in the hills. By rapid travelling he had just managed to catch the advance, and he was accompanied by another officer, named Sheehy. They had got leave to march with the force, but no sort of arrangements could be made for them,

and so, portmanteaux in hand, they had come to ask for shelter. Four men in a sergeant's "paul" is close packing; but Bews and I said: "If you can put up with the space, you are welcome to it." They would have slept under a parasol, and were quite satisfied. But the night was wretched. When the bugle sounded at two in the morning the idea of any change was a relief.

# CHAPTER X.

Awhile thou stoodst:
Baffled and gloomy. Then——Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of Heaven? That dark red smoke
Blotting the silver light? Hark! how the roar
In countless echoes through the mountain rings!
A melancholy tale.

QUEEN MAB.

## HAVELOCK'S ADVANCE.

The depression of the night wore off when one was in the saddle again, and as the rain had ceased, and the air was pleasant, by the time the bugle sounded for a halt for "little breakfast," we were all in high spirits. The camp was in a garden of trees, and it was bright and dry, and the soldiers seemed very happy, though they would go out without any covering on their heads, and chose to look on the sunshine as indicative of agreeable haymaking weather in England. I had to assist, of course, as much as possible, in getting up a bazaar for the camp followers, as soon as we reached an encampment; and

the difficulty was to prevent the grain and sweetmeat sellers being looted the moment they arrived. However, some help was forthcoming; one or two men had joined as adventurers, thinking there might be posts to fill up if we got settled at Cawnpore. A tall, handsome sowar, who looked very unlikely to be loyal, was attached to my fortunes by Chester, and a very nice young Mussulman, who by his manners I should think was of good birth, came to me the first evening in camp, and remained till he met a horrible death a week or two afterwards. Also a capital Khitmudgar volunteered. These little points are mentioned because it never can be remembered sufficiently in the East how the general mind is affected by disaster or success. A defeat—and everyone deserts; a victory—and all throng to congratulate and support.

At first we marched rather slowly, and there was one very sad point about the whole expedition. Sir John Kaye has thus expressed it: "It was a grand movement in advance—but like many of our grand movements, the heart-breaking words 'too late' were written in characters of darkest night across it." We had, indeed, left General Neill at Allahabad, refusing to believe that Cawnpore was lost. But Havelock knew better. On the 12th of July we started very early, indeed soon after midnight of the 11th, and presently we came up with Renaud's detachment. The men were drawn up along the side of the road. I remember being struck, in the moonlight, with the

yellow colours of the Sikhs. Then we all marched on together, and at last halted a little short of Futtehpore. Barrow had a wonderful Madras servant, who was a good rider, and stayed near him on a spare horse. This man kept a small kettle and teapot slung by him, and sugar and milk in bottles in his *cummerbund*—or waistband, and was game to make tea in no time. He dismounted and made a fire. Willock of my service had gone on with Renaud, and as we had never met we were making acquaintance. As we were standing together General Havelock went by—the erect, slight figure, handsome features, grey hair, with the white covered and curtained cap, and the easy seat on the natty Arab—a vignette very familiar to us all afterwards. I think we had got the tea, when bang went a gun, and certainly not very far off. There was a complete transformation scene in a moment. Barrow hurried off to the head of his Cavalry, and we saw the Infantry being collected, and led straight on ahead, and the guns, eight in number, pushed forward. There were two officers with whom I often found myself—Dr. Domenichetti in charge of medical stores, and Sibley, an old officer of the 64th, who had grown grey in long regimental service, was, perhaps, of West Indian extraction, and may be called, *par excellence*, "*the* Old Campaigner." He had charge of the Military Treasure Chest. We heard our guns opening, got on our horses, and proceeded along the road.

One of our tent companions, Sheehy, was acting as

Aide-de-Camp for that morning, and came and told me the General wanted to ask me some questions. So I rode up and told him what the town was like inside, and as he passed into a field near the garden walls skirting the suburbs I went too, and with me my bearded sowar, Azim Ali.

The General was apparently recognised, for some people behind the walls were plainly taking shots at him. Azim, who was close to me, said, in an undertone:

"*Yih achcha jagah nahin!*" (This is not a suitable place!)

The remembrance of this afterwards made one laugh very much, and in subsequent adventures, when matters occasionally got awkward, the phrase recurred,—*Yih achcha jagah nahin!* The enemy made no stand whatever, and really behaved like poltroons; but they were taken by surprise, which perhaps shows that they were not always much helped by the villagers. For they ought to have known exactly where Havelock was. Notwithstanding the barricade the Sepoys all cleared out of the streets, our troops marched right through, and the camp was set up on the Cawnpore side. I rode through my own little town, and laughed at some pottering improvements, which had been thought of, and which seemed such rubbish now. Moreover, they called to mind what I had said to Hikmut Oollah, the Deputy-Collector, that I was going "on a month's leave." I had kept my time very fairly. Here, perhaps, one word about

this unfortunate man may be permitted. I see in Kaye's History that, on Joseph's evidence, I accused him of being an active partaker in the murder of poor Mr. Robert Tucker. I was afterwards at his trial, and think it exceedingly unlikely, both from his craven demeanour on that occasion, and from the testimony adduced, that he ever took a prominent part in any active proceedings against the British. He was thoroughly disloyal, and in one of his letters to the Nana, as far as I remember, expressed regret that he should have violated his conscience *(iman)* by serving the English, an odd statement for one of the elect to make to an idolater; but for acts of boldness, daring, or cruelty, he was constitutionally unfit. He died in prison of a collapse of mind and body, not long after his case was decided. There was hardly a person in the town. One young fellow, a *jogi* or mendicant devotee by profession, was under the preposterous idea that our soldiers would be interested in his religious freedom from partisanship. I tried to get him away, but he was obstinate, and met his fate, receiving two or three balls into him before he succumbed. Through the town, a little way up the road, I saw some people sitting under trees, and Stuart Beatson, whom I knew, called out to me. So I pulled up, and discovered the General regaling a little, and, being kindly told to join, found a leg of chicken by no means unpalatable. Then came a ride with Colonel Fraser-Tytler to the *Tuhseelee*, or Sub-Collector's office, just to examine the chamber where the

treasure used to be kept. On this journey we saw a good deal of wine and beer being distributed from a merchant's godown, and the General, I fancy, soon ordered it into charge of the Commissariat.

About mid-day, or shortly after, I got back to my tent, and there found some rather unpleasant neighbours. It was understood that Palliser's Irregulars had behaved that morning, when opposed to the 2nd Cavalry, with very lukewarm loyalty; but a small group of them were quite firm, and of these some were killed. Palliser, and Simpson who was with him, were near our tent, and in honour of the fidelity of those who had fallen their bodies were laid out in a conspicuous place. Three black-bearded men, olive-coloured in death, with their rigid boots sticking up, were festering in the sun. Sleep came on in the afternoon, and sitting up afterwards, at the door of the tent, I observed a large strong man, with a red beard, lying near, with his head on his arm, and a blue handkerchief with white spots propped on two sticks to make a little shelter for his face.

He was a man of the 78th Highlanders, and some of his mates came presently to look after him. They tried to rouse him, but alas! he was beyond all appeals. He had been, it appeared, indulging rather freely in the stores which had been found in the town, and lying down to sleep had passed away in apoplexy. His name was Campbell. They went and fetched a charpoy, and laid him gently on it, covering his face up in the blue handkerchief he had stretched on the

sticks. Then there was something said of another Campbell, and I gathered that he of the red beard had a brother in the same regiment. After a time this man appeared. He, too, had been indulging in more liquor than the weather sanctioned, but he was soon sobered sufficiently to understand the sad calamity. I was forcibly reminded of the grief over the dead fisherman, depicted so powerfully in the *Antiquary*. The second Campbell, a younger and slighter man, was distracted with the loss that had befallen him. He sat on the ground, and wrung his hands. "O, brother dear!" he cried, "shall I never see you more? Speak to me. Speak to me. Will you never speak to me again? What have you left me all alone for? Brother, brother, come back to me." The bystanders made motions that they would remove the body on the charpoy. Then the younger Campbell threw himself on his brother, clasped him in his arms, and in this way, wrapped in a last embrace, they were both carried away together. Then I heard the bagpipes, droning away in the distance, as the body was taken to the grave.

The station where we had all lived was perhaps a mile off, and I was not able to get up there. But others went, and they found the skeleton of the Judge, which was duly placed within the precincts of the Christian Churchyard. The General thought it right that an example should be made of Futtehpore, and the Sikhs were left behind for the not uncongenial

task of looting and burning the place. But other work demanded our swift advance, and in the small hours of Tuesday morning the force moved on again. I had, during my brief incumbency of Futtehpore, become acquainted by name with one of the *tuhseeldars*, or Sub-Collectors of revenue. He was a young Brahmin of high family, and had been brought to notice as an officer of exceptional promise, displaying a laudable and apparently natural desire for everything that was progressive and elevated. He had probably less difficulty than others in following his own bent, as his sacerdotal rank screened him generally from coercion. But he seems never for a moment to have hesitated in the matter of loyalty. He made over his treasure chest to an influential Zemindar, and ensconced himself in the same man's mud-fort, till times should look better. When Renaud advanced he put himself in communication with the force, and, after the evacuation of Futtehpore by the mutineers, sent word to me that he was coming to join us. Unfortunately, though so good a fellow, he did not at all look his character. He was immensely stout and had a vast crop of hair, with a beard that gave him quite a Saracen's Head appearance. Added to this, he wore a large, untidy turban, which he hitched up in a manner closely simulating rebellion. And before he reached me I am afraid he did not altogether escape rough treatment from the soldiers, who could

not understand how a man, whose effigy might have passed in a puppet-show for that of the Nana himself, could be a staunch well-wisher to the British cause. However, when I had got him, I knew his value too well not to try earnestly to soothe any chagrin he may have felt. His unwieldy form and odd, rolling gait, soon became familiar in camp, and Thomas Atkins and he fraternised in a manner which their first meeting gave no grounds for expecting. The morning we left Futtehpore, as it grew light, people thought more than once that they saw the "twinkling feet" of retreating Sepoys in the hazy distance. And as the day wore on so strong an impression prevailed that the enemy's Cavalry were watching our movements under distant trees as to produce the order for a halt. The objects, though puzzlingly indistinct, were, doubtless, cattle feeding at the edge of groves on the new grass.

Before the halt there had been the tramp of feet, the clank of sabres, the rattle of the gun-carriages, the hum of human voices; and the sudden pause was very striking. For, as the guns were unlimbered, and field-glasses sedulously applied to the distant trees, expectation arrested speech, and there was a dead silence.

At this rather weird moment there sounded from a neighbouring copse the cry of "*Cuckoo!*" It was Wordsworth's "wandering voice," the companion of the Spring-times of our youth, the veritable *cuculus*

*canonis*, not often heard, in my experience, so far South in the Provinces of India. Visions of village greens, shady dingles and dells, and sweet home-faces were brought into many minds by the familiar note. At any rate, a soldier close to me called out to his mate, in a tone about whose heartiness there was no mistake, and in words whose frankness need not be modified: "I say, Bill, who'd ha' thought o' the likes o' that? Why it was only a damned old cuckoo!"

In the afternoon of the same day it was deemed proper by the General to disarm and dismount the Irregular Cavalry, who were considered to have behaved with more than apathy at Futtehpore. General Havelock superintended the operation himself. It was doubtless a most unwelcome duty, and everybody felt sorry for their Commander, Palliser. If weakness it is, the weakness is more creditable than some strength—to believe that those who have often gallantly followed you will follow you to the last. One or two of the native officers, handsome fellows, with that Jewish type of face so common in the extreme North, who looked sorrowful with a haughty, wounded sorrow, refused altogether to avail themselves of the opportunity of going away, and rarely allowed Palliser, or Simpson, out of their sight. Palliser has since greatly distinguished himself; but E. H. C. Simpson died, in Ireland, at the early age of forty-seven. He had a brother who was so embarrassingly like him that mistakes such

as overtook the two Dromios were common.* It was much easier to manage supplies for the camp bazaar since the Brahmin Deputy-Collector had joined us, and the farmers began to appear. Ploughing, too, for the Autumn crops was going on generally, and it was encouraging to think that confidence was being restored. It is quite easy to understand how, after the events that had occurred at Allahabad, the first force under Renaud looked upon their mission partly as an avenging one. There was a slight failure, perhaps, of logic in the idea, because the rebellion was being sternly put down on the ground that the country was ours; and reprisals which

* This recalls a curious coincidence regarding the name of Simpson, which happened in 1871, when I was in Canada. While travelling on Lake Huron we had made the acquaintance of an exceedingly intelligent and agreeable gentleman of that name, who was the member for Algoma in the Ontario House of Commons. Shortly afterwards, while walking in front of the Parliament Buildings in Toronto, I recognised my friend a little a-head of me; so, quickening my pace, I accosted him with the usual: "How do you do, Mr. Simpson?" He turned round and said, smilingly: "My name is Simpson, and I am very well, thank you, but I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance." In astonishment I asked him if we had not been fellow-passengers during a previous month, on board such and such a steamer on Lake Huron. "Hardly," replied the second Mr. Simpson, "as I only arrived from England last week!" It then turned out that these two gentlemen bore the most astonishing likeness to one another, in age, height, colouring, and even features; yet they were not in the slightest degree related; one being an Englishman, and the other a Canadian by birth; nor had they ever heard of one another, until their strange resemblance led to their introduction. One more Canadian instance is irresistible, although, like the one I have already quoted, it is scarcely *à propos* of the Indian Mutiny. Early in September, 1873, it fell to my lot to introduce to one another two of the greatest, or at least the most celebrated, Smiths, whom the present century has produced. It was on the Toronto cricket-ground, and I happened to enjoy the honour of the acquaintance of both of these eminent men, who were mutually desirous of an introduction. It need hardly be said that one was the present Professor Goldwin Smith; while the other was the late Right Honourable W. H. Smith, M.P., who was paying a short visit to Canada that Autumn.—F.C.M.

against the enemy's property would have been appropriate were not so advisable against the property of our own subjects. The enemy was the Sepoy Army, and as far as I saw throughout, though many of the farmers, in whose veins the old lawless blood still flowed, were against order, and in this way, being against the British Government, they were not in favour of any other Government. The "Old Campaigner," when we reached camp, used to come up, and say in an undertone something of this kind: "Any sort of vegetables—a little fresh milk—an egg or two, and of course, if there should be a duck going —so much the better."

The march on the 15th of July brought us to the outskirts of a pretty large village, called Aong. The houses were off the road; but there were walled gardens running towards it, at no great distance, and it became evident that there was a considerable force of the enemy at the spot, and that they intended to try and oppose the advance of the column. Here took place what are known as the battles of Aong and the Pundoo Nuddee. The Pundoo Nuddee was one of those streams which in the hot weather present only a thread of flowing water, but are flushed in the rains; their own torrents being augmented by runnels through every ravine. The camp was set up on the Cawnpore side of the river.

And here a strange incident happened. When we were at Futtehpore, just before the outbreak,

Bews, himself a railway engineer, was in the habit of hearing from a brother engineer at Cawnpore. The latter was a married man, and it was a curious instance of how our countrymen kept their spirits up, that he wrote very amusing accounts of what was going on, which Bews read out to us. It must be remembered that the intervention of the Nana, and his bringing the Sepoys who had actually started for Delhi back again, was a thing which neither Wheeler nor any one else had ever calculated upon. Therefore what was apprehended was the first outbreak, and the general impression was that if this were got over all would be well. The last letter Bews received from his friend was to the effect that a row was imminent, but, said he, "we are quite prepared, and if the fellows break out there will be wigs on the green." It was now nearly six weeks since that letter, and though the most ominous reports were current there was no real certainty as to the details of what had occurred. The spot on the river bank where our little tent was going to be set up was a level area, just below some slightly higher ground; formed accidentally by the action of rains; but suggesting itself as a convenient resting-place, and, as such, it had been apparently used by an outpost of the enemy's Cavalry. For there was some of their rubbish lying there, ropes and straw, and earthen pots, one or two blankets, saddlecloths, etc. Bews had hardly entered this enclosure when his eye caught amongst the litter what he thought was a book

He took it up: it was a leather case. He opened it: it was a miniature of his friend's wife. When I came up I found Bews naturally greatly cut up at the discovery. There was something so very appalling in the mystery of the affair. We never had reason to think the poor lady lived to reach the horrors of the Beebeeghur, and it is not improbable that, in the confusion of moving, the miniature was left at the bungalow, was looted, and accidentally came into the trooper's possession. But that the one man in the force, to whom the fate of the lady was of deep interest, should find this sad memorial of her, was a remarkable coincidence. It would really have been a relief to know that she was dead, and beyond earthly trouble. But the amount of knowledge possessed by the best-informed was only that Cawnpore was no longer holding out. And now, as we all turned in that evening, we felt that we were on the eve of an historical day. Exaggerated accounts of the numbers of the enemy, their force of Cavalry, and the strength of their Artillery, were of course abroad, as there always are on such occasions; and it was obviously of the utmost importance to their cause that Cawnpore should not fall into the hands of the British.

We marched at the usual hour, and by the time it was daylight it became evident that it was going to be fearfully hot. On passing through a village the Zemindars came out with vegetables and other little offerings, and promised to send supplies on after us for the camp

followers. Before noon we reached a small grove through which the road passed, and here a halt was ordered. All the waggons were drawn up, and a kind of zareba was made. In the midst of this a tent was pitched, and here poor Major Renaud was laid on a charpoy, with his wounded leg. The fighting men were hastily provided with breakfast and their grog, and after a brief delay guns and troops moved on. Non-combatants were ordered to remain in the zareba; but my coadjutor, Henry Willock, who was chumming with a doctor, accompanied his friend in the advance.* There were a good many of us in our

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* Henry Davies Willock, who lately retired from the Bengal Civil Service, beloved and esteemed by his comrades and colleagues, had hard measure meted out to him during the Mutiny. He was then young and full of zeal; qualities in a diplomat which Talleyrand sternly reprobated; and it would appear that Willock's superiors held similar opinions to those of the Prince. For it seems scarcely credible, but is nevertheless a fact, that, so far from receiving any promotion, honours, or emolument, he was actually placed in a position, on his return to Cawnpore at the end of '57, inferior to the one he had held previous to the outbreak. He did not join Havelock's column *en amateur*, although he served, with much gallantry, in the Volunteer Cavalry, while acting in the official capacity of Civil officer to the Force. His really brilliant services will be found detailed in the Appendix, together with those of other officers of our Column. An opinion can be formed as to whether he, in common with three or four of them, has or has not been unfairly treated, insomuch as none of them have received even the lowest decoration of the Order of the Star of India. The omission was probably due, especially in Willock's case, to Havelock's untimely death; as, if the latter had lived a few months longer, he could scarcely have failed to recognise the services of those who helped him to gain his own honours and rewards. Unfortunately, the fact remains that these remarks apply, with more or less force, to the claims of so many officers, that this work would almost assume the dimensions of Debrett were those claims to be fully recapitulated. For which reason I am forced to limit my observations to the *personnel* of Havelock's Column, and to select from among them the men I have personally known, whose services were the most brilliant, but yet who have received the *minimum* of recognition or reward. Foremost among these I would enumerate Delafosse, Dodgson, Fraser-Tytler, Willis, Willock, Battine and Immerichetti; the last-named

grove—the officer commanding the baggage guard, Commissariat officers, a doctor or two in charge of the sick, a Post Office Agent, and so on. A gun, one of those taken at Aong, was left with us, and was ready to be served by some miscellaneous persons who sufficiently understood the art, and who, in point of fact, did, under excuse of distant objects, fire it once or twice in the afternoon. When the last soldier was out of sight down the road the curiosity as to the opening of the battle was of course great. We had not to wait long. There soon came to us the sound of guns; and, mingled with those of smaller calibre, the deep boom of heavy ordnance. Once we saw some men in the distance; and going a little way out to meet them, found them a small body of five or six soldiers, who had got separated, in some way, from their comrades. They could, however, give no news of how matters were going on.* The afternoon wore away, and one good sign was that the firing, before dying out, was much more distant. Then, as the sun set, we stared at the furthest point of the road we could see, but no figure appeared. Nor, indeed, as far as the eye reached in any direction, did we detect a human being. The "Old Campaigner,"

though a non-combatant, was our Principal Medical Officer, and in that capacity was present in every engagement, until he was left behind in the Allum Bagh with the sick and wounded, and in medical charge of its tiny garrison, under Mac Intyre, of the 78th Highlanders. —F.C.M.

* It is fortunate Mr. Shetor does not give the name of the Regiment to which these *insouciant* wanderers belonged.—F.C.M.

who was with us in the grove in charge of his Chest, had of course, like the rest of us, been on the *qui vive* all the afternoon; but he had reserved a place in his mind for dinner; so that when seven came, and it was dusk, and silence was setting in around us, we were invited to a table under a tree close by the door of the tent, where poor Renaud was lying. I hope our presence was of some good, for people in the excitement of moving hither and thither sometimes made as if they would have passed through the tent, not knowing, doubtless, who was within; and this intrusion we strenuously opposed, for the smallest concussion of the charpoy would have been agony to the patient. After dinner, some little chat on current events, and then to sleep pretty well where we sat; not in the last-century sense of falling under the table, but fidgetting into comfortable attitudes on the chair, and at last deserting it for the ground. There were occasional rows in the night, from horses getting loose and other contingencies; but the morning came at last, and heedless of human conflicts and cares, the birds, finding it was getting light, knew they ought to chirp, and so set to work briskly, though their season of music was ending.

But still no sort of communication from the force, so the Commissariat officers, growing anxious as to how they might be getting on for provisions, determined to start a string of camels. An officer named Thompson being there, and having a horse, agreed with me to move on in search of our friends. We

rode a long way, as it seemed to us, without seeing anyone at all. It was an exceptionally hot morning; the rising sun struck us obliquely, and we were much troubled with what the older Lord Lytton would have called the "glint of the beam." Whilst riding along on the look-out for any traces of conflict, of which the most prominent was a trench dug right across the road, in which big guns had been firmly placed—two of them—as in a battery, I suddenly saw, far in the distance, a great tongue of fire flung up towards the sky, and immediately afterwards, what looked like a vast black balloon ascended, as if in pursuit of it, showing us, in its dispersion, that it was smoke. Then after a perceptible pause there was a violent explosion, and at the moment I felt a pluck at my knees that made me involuntarily sit tighter. This compression was the passage of the great air-wave, for the Cawnpore Magazine had just been blown up. We were almost beat with the morning sun. I remember I dismounted at a well, and poured water on my head, then got some neem leaves, soaked them, and put them in my sola hat. But even then I was so giddy I could scarcely manage to proceed. However, we approached the cantonments, and found the soldiers all under temporary shelter in the barracks round about, and soon got amongst friends. I saw some men I knew in the verandah of an empty bungalow, and went and talked with them for awhile, and then, passing into a chamber, lay down on the threshold, and in a moment

was fast asleep. When I awoke I looked up, and beheld the General entirely by himself, sitting down close by. I scrambled up, and begged pardon for having intruded into the house, which I had no idea had been selected for him. But he was in a most gracious mood, begged me not to go, and said he had read accounts of the war in the Peninsular, and a life of Wellington by an officer of my name; and then, when I told him it was an uncle of mine, Moyle Sherer, he asked me if he was still alive, and so on. Then he launched a little into the events of the last few days, and spoke with great satisfaction of what had occurred. I remember, especially, he divided the occurrences into grades of importance. "The affair at Futtehpore, the engagement at Aong, and what will be probably known as the battle of Cawnpore." Though exceedingly interested in what he was saying, I took an early opportunity of making my bow, as I was clearly an unbidden though a politely-treated guest. And now, having shaken off the effects of the sun, and got some tea, it began to occur to me that I ought to go into the city. So having found my horse, I went to Major Barrow to ask him if he would give me a trooper to take care of me, as I wanted to visit the Kotwalee, the head-quarters of town government, a name still retained under the new police, though the ancient office of Kotwal is abolished nominally, the people insisting on using the word. Barrow consented at once, and as the trooper was Bews, we started, alertly enough, on our mission.

# CHAPTER XI.

O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter
As this the sun and moon ne'er looked upon!
Were I chief lord of all the spacious world
I'd give it to undo the deed!

KING OF TYRE.

## CAWNPORE RE-OCCUPIED.

As Bews and I entered the city, we were met by a man with a small kettle-drum; and, without orders, he put himself just before us, and proclaimed the restoration of the former rule. Whether he had in a similar manner proclaimed the Nana cannot well be known; but he diligently rattled away, sonorously shouting an intimation, framed on the same lines as the one mentioned to have been used by the rebels in Banda, but worded as follows:

*Khalk-i-Khuda*
*Mulk-i-Kampani Bahadur*
*Hukm-i-Sahiban alishan.*

We passed through some streets till we reached the principal thoroughfare—the Chouk—at the head of which stood the Kotwalee, a two-storied building,

with arches in front, forming a balcony above. Here we dismounted, ascended to the upper story, and were almost immediately surrounded by a crowd of people, many of them Bengalees. They professed themselves delighted with our return; but were rather afraid of the soldiers, and thought that, if measures of retaliation were taken, the innocent might be confounded with the guilty. We said that, as far as we knew, no indiscriminate punishment was at all likely to be inflicted; and told them the best way of showing their loyalty would be to offer their services for useful work. Bengalees are always ready to write; and one of them improvised paper, inkstand, and a table, and commenced writing placards, somewhat as follows:—"This house belongs to one Mokerjea, very loyal subject. Please not to molest." I was requested to sign these, and they were supposed to be talismans, which, when prescribed to the excellent Thomas Atkins, would assuage that warrior's angry disposition. Fortunately for all parties, Atkins was not permitted to roam into the city; and my talismans were never put to a rude practical test.

Amongst those at the Kotwalee was a tallish Hindoo, of an able but rather forbidding face; who was pointed out by some of the others as the "former Deputy-Collector." I knew nothing about him and had never heard his name before; and, therefore, when he came forward and bowed, and said he hoped our return would be fortunate, I bowed back, and replied

that I hoped it would; which, under the circumstances, was a safe, if not striking remark. A rather energetic Baboo, who had been in the Commissariat, having put himself forward, I asked him to remain with me, and help in making arrangements; under his guidance we pursued our way from the Kotwalee, down the Chouk, and out of the town by another way. In course of time we reached Mahomed's Hotel, which had been, as we were told, the head-quarters of the Nana; and on stopping, were received by the landlord. I have often thought since, that considering this man had not left his house when the Nana was there, that the building was close to the scene of the massacre, and that English feeling was not in its calmest mood, it showed wonderful presence of mind on his part to pursue his occupation exactly as if nothing had happened. He was quite frank and confident, and from first to last incurred no suspicion, and underwent no troubles. Of course, some months later he had to fly before the Gwalior Contingent for a few days; but he returned immediately afterwards; and I left him, in 1860, hotel-keeping with the utmost composure. Mahomed showed us over the house, and we saw where the Nana had slept, and how another bedroom had been fitted up with *chullis* for the preparation of his food. This word signifies a small structure in wet mud, of nearly horseshoe shape, which, when dry and firm, supports a brass pot over burning sticks.

INTERIOR OF THE "SLAUGHTER HOUSE" AT CAWNPORE; FROM A SKETCH TAKEN THE DAY AFTER THE MASSACRE.

From the hotel, not a hundred yards' walk led us to the celebrated Beebeeghur. First, let me say that this appellation does not mean the "ladies' house," as indicating the spot where the ladies were killed; the building had the name previous to the Mutiny. It was understood to have been a dwelling provided by a European for his Indian mistress, and was therefore constructed in the Oriental style. It was of one storey, with a court in the middle, and a tree grew in the court. Bews and I were certainly among the first who saw it; but Colonel Fraser-Tytler had been there, and one or two others. But there is no question that the aspect of the place, when we entered, was entirely unchanged. It was precisely in the same condition as the first Englishmen who did see it found it to be in. The whole story was so unspeakably horrible that it would be quite wrong in any sort of way to increase the distressing circumstances which really existed. And I may say once for all that the accounts were exaggerated. The attack had evidently been made from the front entrance, and there is reason to suppose that it commenced by muskets being pushed through the venetians, and discharged. There had been a rush across the court to the opposite side, and a mass of human beings were collected in the arched chamber facing the entrance. And thither, doubtless, they were pursued by the assassins with swords. For the whole of the pavement was thickly caked with blood. Surely this is enough, without saying "the clotted gore lay

ankle deep," which, besides being most distressing, is absolutely incorrect. Then, as to what was lying about, most of us thought it wonderful that the small litter we saw could be the traces of the numbers who had been shut up there. There is no question in my mind that when the bodies were taken away the place had been tidied a little and painful objects had been removed. There were certainly a few odds and ends of clothing, some locks of hair, some little shoes, straw hats, and so on. Of mutilation, in that house at least, there were no signs, nor at that time was there any writing on the walls. It is well known that there were one or two books, and in them some notes, which have long since been communicated to the public. From this dreadful place we passed down the garden to the narrow well into which many of the bodies of the victims of the assassination were thrown. I say many, because the receptacle was far too small for all, and there can be little doubt that bodies were dragged across the open space to the river, which was at no great distance. Indeed, we were told as much at the time. When we got to the coping of the well, and looked over, we saw, at no great depth, a ghastly tangle of naked limbs. I heard a low cry of pain, and saw Bews almost crouching with a sickening anguish. There is no object in saying more.*

* With reference to Mr. Sherer's remarks, there seems to be no good reason for doubting the main features of Mr. Shepherd's story, which was written at the time, part of which may be here quoted. "The Sepoys then brought muskets, and, after firing a great many shots

The next day, which was Saturday, the General moved the troops to the north-western point of the cantonment, beyond Nawab Gunj, and near what had been a Missionary establishment. Conversation had been held about the state of the well, and it seemed very desirable that it should not be left as it was; so, when going over the new encampment, I thought I would try and see the General on the subject.

The tents had not come up, and I found him sitting on a chair, in a field by himself, with an umbrella over him. I asked him about the well, and said that for one thing, of course, it would soon become very pestilential if something were not done; and he replied: "Please at once procure coolies, and have it filled up with earth." So, getting hold again of Bews,

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from the doors, windows, etc., rushed in with swords and bayonets. Some of the helpless creatures, in their agony, fell down at the feet of their murderers, clasped their legs, and begged them, in the most piteous manner, to spare their lives, but to no purpose. The fearful deed was done, most completely and deliberately, in the midst of the dreadful shrieks and cries of the victims. There were about 140 or 150 souls, including children, and from a little before sunset until candle-light was occupied in completing the dreadful deed. The doors of the building were then locked for the night, and the murderers went to their homes. Next morning (16th July) it was found, on opening the doors, that some 10 or 15 women, with a few of the children, had managed to escape from death by falling and hiding under the murdered bodies of their fellow-prisoners. Fresh orders were then sent to murder them also; but the survivors, not being able to bear the idea of being cut down, rushed out into the compound, and, seeing a well there, threw themselves into it without hesitation; thus putting a period to lives which it was impossible for them to save." If Mr. Sherer's suggestion be correct, that the majority of the bodies were then thrown into the river, and the place somewhat tidied up, the two versions would harmonise. But it should be borne in mind that almost everyone who came into the "Slaughter House" took away some little memento of the tragedy. Deputy Inspector-General Domenichetti, M.D. (the P. M. O. of our force), has several of them still in his possession.—F.C.M.

and the Commissariat Baboo whom I nominated as Kotwal for a temporary arrangement, we visited the horrible spot once more, and had the well filled up in a rough manner, and not a moment too soon, for the effluvia was becoming excessively bad. General Neill, on the 25th of July, which was exactly a week afterwards, published an order containing these words: "The well in which are the remains of the poor women and children so brutally murdered by this miscreant, the Nana, will be filled up, and neatly and decently covered over to form their grave; a party of European soldiers will do so this evening, under the superintendence of an officer." But this refers to making the earth thrown into the well level with the surface, and forming a memorial mound to mark the spot. The bodies had, as I say, been covered up a week before; indeed, if this had not been done, the place would have been unapproachable.

Meeting with Willock, I heard of poor Beatson's illness. He had been taken with premonitory symptoms the very day of the battle of Cawnpore; but with indomitable courage he managed to keep with the force and reached Cawnpore in the evening, dreadfully exhausted. Cholera seized him, and though he pulled through the actual attack, he was too enfeebled to rally. I saw him for a few minutes at Suvada Kotee, where a temporary hospital had been established. He was dreadfully altered, but still prepared with his kind smile and an out-

stretched hand. This must have been Friday evening, and he died, I think, in the night. At the same place, Suvada Kotee, poor Major Renaud had his left leg taken off, high up the thigh; an operation which he only survived one day. Both Beatson and he were buried near the camp at the north-west corner of the station, where their tombs serve not only as memorials of themselves, but as an historical reminiscence of Havelock's position. It was chosen under an idea that an attack might be expected from Bithoor; and though this was a mistake, the distance from the bazaar was favourable for restoring discipline, which had naturally enough been partially relaxed. Stuart Beatson was in the prime of life; and there seems little doubt that, had he lived, his clear head, and high spirit, would have carried him to great distinction.

Willock told me some of the incidents of the day of the battle of Cawnpore. He was close to poor Currie, of the 84th, when he received the terrible wound from a round-shot in the lower part of the body, to which he succumbed. I believe I am able to throw light on one little event of that day, and am glad to do so, because it explains a point which led to some misunderstanding, and it also renders the story as related by Sir John Kaye intelligible, which, as it stands at present, some would surely say is not the case. The present Sir Henry Havelock-Allan is mentioned by the historian as having greatly distinguished himself by performing the following action: "The

Infantry prepared to advance right upon the death-dealing battery of the enemy, the 64th Foot, led by Major Stirling in front. At this moment, the General's Aide-de-Camp, 'the boy Harry,' wheeled his horse round to the centre of the leading regiment, and rode straight upon the muzzle of the twenty-four pounder."

It must strike anyone reading this for the first time that what the younger Havelock is related to have done was an altogether astounding thing. Why on earth should he have volunteered to ride in front of a regiment, unless it wanted leading? And what call is there for any one, when a corps is gallantly advancing, to get between it and the enemy's guns? Now for my elucidatory note. People who had got horses were very lucky. They were not easily to be procured. And some of the officers on the march picked up ponies which farmers, or others, were willing to sell. The north provinces "tat" is an animal of astonishing endurance; but if he be of at all a troublesome disposition, his vices are strongly developed. When of the masculine gender, and untampered with by precautionary operations, he delights in making himself prominent; and he is equally objectionable in his expressions of love and jealousy. Squealing, rearing, kicking, and biting are amongst his resources; and moments occur when remonstrance and punishment are alike unavailing; and master of the situation, he will neither advance nor retreat, and nothing will please him but pawing the

air, lifting his gums off his teeth, and behaving altogether in a manner at once outrageous and unbearable. Now it so happened that Major Stirling had bought a particularly misguided and undisciplined pony; and the day after he crossed the Pandoo Nuddee I saw this animal advancing on its hind legs, determined to bite some other horse, if possible. Everybody got out of the way, and I remember the younger Havelock, in joke, drew his sword to defend his own steed. Now I was told that Stirling was on this beast; that it turned brutally restive; and he, with the intention of sending it at once to the devil, dismounted. There was the briefest space, during which, by a pure accident, the leader was not in front of his regiment. "Come on, then, with me," cried the A. D. C., who happened in that second to ride up. If this incident has been told before, I must beg pardon for repetition; but Sir John Kaye certainly did not know of it. I believe it to be true, and it is agreeable, because it puts everything right. The 64th needs no eulogy from anybody. Stirling was romantically brave, as his death, a little later, amply showed; while "young Harry" was well worthy of the honours he won, and which he has since increased in other fields of action.

From the position which General Havelock occupied at the north-west corner of the Cawnpore station, he dispatched a force to Bithoor. The buildings which had constituted the Nana's palace

were, for the most part, destroyed, as well as the residences of his dependents. This is not an inappropriate place to say a word about the Nana Sahib, his habits, and so on. When the massacre became generally known, the Nana grew positively into a European notoriety. The French, with their taste for melodrama, and their perception of the artistic value of contrast, seized on the idea of concocting his personality out of cruel instincts exceeding those of ordinary barbarism on the one hand, but with delicate and luxurious habitudes on the other. So that, in their hands, the Nana became a scented sybarite, who read Balzac, played Chopin on the piano; and, lolling on a divan, fanned by exquisite odalisques from Cashmere, had a roasted English child brought in occasionally, on a pike, for him to examine with his *pince nez*. In England, again, the desire was rather to make out the Nana to have been one of those extraordinary monsters of ferocity and slaughter who were favourite characters in the earliest dramas, in which, as Charles Lamb drolly said, "blood was made as light of as money in a modern sentimental comedy, and as *this* is given away till it reminds us that it is nothing but counters, so *that* is spilt till it affects us no more that its representative, the paint of the property-man."

I remember, when in England, in 1860, seeing a large canvas daub in a show at a fair, which was said to represent the Nana, and he really was a terrific embodiment of matted hair, rolling eyes, and cruel

teeth. But the reality was extremely unlike the romance. I have heard from several who knew him, and especially Dr. J. N. Tresidder, who had attended him professionally, that Dhoondoo Punt was an excessively uninteresting person. Between thirty and forty years of age, of middle height, stolid features and increasing stoutness, he might well have passed for the ordinary shop-keeper of the bazaar, had it not been for the Mahratta contour of his turban, of which, however, he did not affect a very pronounced type. He did not speak English, and his habits, if self-indulgent, had no tinge of poetry about them. He was particular about his *ghee;* loved the eyes of dancing girls rubbed round with lampblack, and their lips rosy with the juice of betel-nut; whilst his ear for music was satisfied with the rude viol and *tom-tom* (or small hand-drum) that accompanied their slowly-revolving petticoats. But of any of the refinements of sensual enjoyment he was wholly ignorant. It was, apparently, a pleasure to him to receive occasional visitors at Bithoor; and he used to come into Cawnpore and give general entertainments, all the arrangements of which he placed in European hands. But his daily life at home was carried on amidst surroundings of expensive discomfort. He was wont to repose on a charpoy (a sort of mattress made of broad strips of cotton cloth, and standing on four legs, whence the name) — in a small private apartment, where a loose heifer roamed at will, watched by an attendant, who, in a

roughly-wrought silver vessel, caught certain things which, to us, would be distasteful, but to our Hindoo brethren, are replete with national, and, indeed, sacred associations. Many months after this July expedition to Bithoor, Lieutenant Malcolm, of the Royal Engineers, with a great deal of trouble, and no small amount of ingenuity, fished out of a large well what was called the Nana's gold plate. This was immensely valuable, because it really was of solid and very pure gold, but it had no artistic importance of the slightest degree. The trays and bowls were of the rudest shapes that were compatible with the purposes for which they were intended, and, in mean material, would not have attracted attention, if discovered in a South Sea Island. The Nana was a heavy, dull man, with a grievance. He thought Lord Dalhousie had treated him very badly by not letting him have the full allowance which was bestowed on the Peishwa, who had adopted him, and this wrong rankled in his mind. Writers who blame Lord Dalhousie for his aversion to recognising adoption always go off into the religious necessity with the Hindoos of having a son to perform the funeral ceremonies, and to attend to the annual commemorations of the dead, and are astonished that he did not take this view of the subject into consideration. It seems much better to recognise adoption, but the argument about the funeral ceremonies is not, perhaps, a sound one. The validity of an adoption, as far as its religious aspect is concerned, does

GENERAL WHEELER'S ENTRENCHMENT AT CAWNPORE.

not depend on the recognition of Government. In point of fact, the Nana did perform the funeral rites over Bajee Rao, and kept up the commemoration, though he did not succeed to the pension.

The character of the Nana is so far of importance that it affects the wisdom of Sir Hugh Wheeler, Mr. Hillersdon, and the others who called in his aid, and gave over the powder magazine to his charge. If he had been a far-seeing, ambitious man, of administrative abilities, who was sure in a disturbance to come to the front, the simplicity of those who trusted him can scarcely be called less than culpable. "Almost as soon," writes Mr. Justin McCarthy, "as the Nana's presence became known in Cawnpore, he was surrounded by the mutineers, who insisted that he must make common cause with them and become one of their leaders. He put himself at their disposal." From everything I have heard I do not think this is an accurate statement. It is possible, and perhaps probable, that the Nana saw a way to getting his pension by putting the English under a great obligation; and certainly he could not at first come to any agreement with the Sepoys; or at least did not. Critics of Sir Hugh Wheeler's conduct should bear in mind that the revolted Sepoys left Cawnpore, and made two marches towards Delhi. And Wheeler's entrenchment, which seemed so miserable when we came to look at it, particularly when the mud ramparts had

been reduced by the rains, proved really enough for what he was guarding against, namely, the confusion incident on an outbreak. But the advisers of the Nana induced him to send messengers after the Sepoys, and offer them ample monetary remuneration if they would return. They did return, and all the world knows with what results. Then the Nana's name became the one to conjure with, but of his individual influence there seems no trace throughout. We know something of what Azimoollah did; and the hand is not difficult to discover, at times, of Jowala Pershad, Baba Bhut, Tantia Topee, and the rest; but the stolid, discontented figure of the Nana himself, remains in the background, rejoicing doubtless in the success of the treachery, and gladly consenting, probably, to the cruelty; but inanimate, incapable of original ideas, and more elated, perhaps, with the present glory of a hundred guns fired in his honour, than with any distinct idea of future dominion. It remained so to the end; his death even was indistinct and insignificant, shrouded by the malarious Nepaulese forest, and producing little effect but the dispersion of a band of moribund vagabonds.*

* A few words more about the Nana Sahib, otherwise Dhoondoo Punt. He was sometimes also spoken of as "The Narina." The earlier chroniclers, such as Neill, Shepherd, and Havelock, always called him "The Nena." The name of his adopted father, the last sovereign prince of the Mahrattas, was Bajee Rao, the sound of which in English is "Bargee Row," familiar to Etonians of the passing generation. This Potentate, on his abdication, was granted a pension of £80,000 a-year, and when he died, in 1851, left the Nana the respectable fortune of over £300,000; of which £160,000 was in Company's paper; £100,000 in jewels; £30,000 in gold coins; £8,000 in gold ornaments; and £2,000 in silver plate. Notwithstanding

JOWALA PERSHAD. ONE OF THE NANA'S BRIGADIERS, WHO COMMANDED THE REBELS AT FUTTEHPORE.

Henry Willock accompanied the expedition to Bithoor, and brought back two of the Nana's pets, a Wandaroo monkey, and a squirrel quite as big as a small rabbit. The monkey became well-known in

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the recommendations of the local political officers, Lord Dalhousie and the Indian Government refused to continue the pension to the Nana, who sent a trusted agent to England, to plead his cause before the Honourable Board of Directors of the E.I.C. Azimoollah Khan, the envoy in question, was provided with ample funds, as he is known to have fingered, in one sum alone, a bit of Company's paper of the value of five lacs of rupees (£50,000). Consequently, he was enabled to keep up a very good appearance in London society, where he became quite the fashion during his residence in England. But he was entirely unsuccessful in his mission, and returned, a disappointed and revengeful man, to a still more incensed and malevolent master. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* From that time there seems little doubt that both of these men were among the main promoters of the conspiracy; and, on the principle that any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, the disaffection of the Sepoys, caused by our stupid blunder regarding the greased cartridges, came pat to their hands, and was skilfully used as one of the weapons against us. Doubtless, Mr. Sherer had better opportunities of information than the writer, but the proclamations put forth in the Nana's name were by no means without art, in appealing to the prejudices of the native mind. And, whatever may have been the justice of his claims against the Company, there is evidence to show that he treated the Begums (or Princesses), his mothers-in-law, and half-sisters, with tyranny, injustice and rapacity, shutting them up in close confinement, and not allowing them to hold communication with any one outside the Zenana, which thus became their prison, and at the same time confiscating the whole of their revenues. Therefore, even from the native standpoint, he was not a desirable man, to say the least; while one is not sorry to find that a highly-trusted civilian, as Mr. Sherer was, does not, after the lapse of so many years, throw any doubt upon the Nana's complicity in the murder of our countrymen, countrywomen, and children. Although he took a somewhat prominent part in the Siege of Wheeler's entrenchments, he did so at a safe distance, and never came within range of their guns. So far as we are able to ascertain, the only occasions on which he actually took the field against our force were on the 16th of July, at Cawnpore, and the 16th of August, in his own palace at Bithoor, to which latter place, although he had abandoned it in terror just a month before, he had returned; and had been joined there by a fairly numerous and determined following, among whom was the famous Tantia Topee. So it became of paramount necessity to dislodge him, as the collection of a large force within sixteen miles of Cawnpore was an intolerable menace to the city. Jowala Pershad, whose portrait is here given, was one of the Nana's most trusted adherents. He was, of course, executed.—F.C.M.

camp, and ultimately reached the Zoological Gardens in London, where I afterwards called upon him. The costly squirrel was made over to me; but whether owing to undue excitement, or perhaps change of food —for ignorant of his habits I could only ask, in a helpless way, like the gentleman in *Dombey*, whether "something temporary could not be done with the teapot"—he died—poor beautiful creature. General Neill (he had just been made Brigadier-General) arrived on Monday, the 20th of July, and as he was to remain when Havelock went on, the local command was made over to him, and he began to try and establish order and discipline in Cawnpore itself. It must be remembered that he had been greatly praised; everywhere it was noised abroad that Neill was the man for the emergency—Neill would not stand any nonsense, and so on. And of course he could not but suppose that whatever position he was in, something marked would be expected of him. Hence some of his orders, particularly the unfortunate one about the cleaning up of the blood; but it remained almost a dead letter, carried out, I think, in two instances. It is, however, preposterous to suppose that men in scenes of great excitement can behave exactly as they would on calm reflection in ordinary circumstances.

Since the publication of Malleson's history, it is now known that Neill carried his exaltation so far as to write a censorious letter to Havelock, when the latter decided to fall back on Cawnpore; to which Havelock replied that nothing but considerations of

the public service prevented his ordering Neill into arrest. Impulsiveness was, of course, a facette, so to speak, of that general boldness which made Neill what he was. And he sometimes said things which others would have kept to themselves. He would laugh and declare, not heeding who was present, that "the old gentleman (Havelock) looked upon himself (Neill) as the heir-at-law, so he could not expect to be liked more than heirs-at-law usually are." But this was mere manner: and people are too ready to dwell on these little surface blemishes, not taking the trouble to look for hidden good qualities. I have been told since, that with all his martial bearing and off-hand speech, General Neill devoted much time in private to religious reading, and was interested in questions which we should have thought at the time were more in General Havelock's line.

Two operations were going on at the same time; every effort was being made for crossing the river, and an entrenchment was being formed on the bank for the garrison that was to be left at Cawnpore. After the expedition to Bithoor, a Mahratta, named Narain Rao, wrote to me from there, to say that he had always been on the English side, had been put into confinement during the supremacy of the Nana, and wished to pay his respects to the General. I showed his communication to General Havelock, and he directed a Persian answer to be prepared, stating that he must be quick about it if he did not wish his loyalty to be suspected. The title or

sobriquet *Nana* is not uncommon amongst the Mahrattas, and this man Narain Rao was also called the Nana, and it was, in consequence, rather difficult to procure him a civil reception with those who could not make out who he was. He was no relation whatever to Dhoondoo Punt, but was the son of an adherent of the Peishwa's, called the Soubahdar Sahib, whom I well remember in Mr. Thomason's time. He sometimes visited Agra, and was always treated by Mr. Thomason with great respect, as having been acknowledged as a good soldier in his younger days both by Sir John Malcolm and even, I believe, by the Duke of Wellington. The son was a very Mahratta-looking fellow. I have mentioned this gentleman's name because some of the stories of the Nana's doings are based upon what he said. But though I make no question of Narain Rao's loyalty, his wish to represent himself a sufferer was so mixed up with the hope of discrediting his brothers with whom he had a quarrel about a will, that his adventures seem to me apocryphal now that one can think of them quietly. He had entreated me to get a vehicle for him, as he declared himself destitute of all equipments, and a tradesman in the town lent a carriage, but no one would drive it. The young Mahomedan of education and nice manners, who had come with me from Allahabad, was standing by when the dilemma arose. "I will go," he cried, and jumping on the box he whipped up the pair of horses into a brisk trot, and took the road to Bithoor.

We all, naturally, wanted to do something, to show that we were helping the general restoration, and as the city was getting well into our complete control I consulted the Brahmin Deputy-Collector as to whether we could get men to establish a thana a few miles out of the town. We found people quite willing to take service, and the young Mahomedan seemed the very fellow for the post. Full of go, and anxious to bring himself forward, I asked him if he would try and form a little nucleus of British authority out in the village where it was proposed to place the thana, and he jumped at the idea. He had got a horse of his own, and he started at the head of his little band, who were all armed, and was to engage other men out there if necessity arose. Of course he was told that he was not expected to fight, and if Sepoys approached he was to fall back. But for all purposes of exercising his authority amongst the peasants he was, we thought, strong enough, and he himself was quite confident. He had hardly been there two days when a large body of Sepoys, stealing across from Calpee, and endeavouring to get over the Ganges into Oudh, came suddenly upon his thana in the night. His men made some resistance, but the idea of Sepoys carried a certain terror with it, and the darkness was a temptation to try and escape. The plucky fellow, notwithstanding, held out, and at last fell into his assailants' hands. They bound him, cut his throat, and hung him by his feet on a tree. There are honoured

mounds above brave Englishmen all over the world; but that young hero's grave demands a leaf of laurel too.

GENERAL HAVELOCK. COLONEL FRASER-TYTLER.

*From a Sketch taken at the time by Captain (now General) G. S. Mackenzie.*

# CHAPTER XII.

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

* * * * * *

United yet divided—twain in one.
So sit two Kings of Brentford on one Throne!

COWPER.

## THE RAINS OF 1857.

The wet season had thoroughly set in: the great river was rapid and swollen. And the difficulties General Havelock had to encounter were great; for the boats had to be collected, and boatmen to be procured. This class of men were shy of coming forward, in consequence of the complicity of some members of their craft in the treachery at Suttee Chowra Ghât. The little steamer, however, was of great service, and the crossing was effected in some four days, notwithstanding every obstacle. Colonel Fraser-Tytler was indefatigable. I remember seeing him, one evening, in a little native building,

by the river side, soaked and daubed in such a manner as rather to resemble a Nubian stoker in the Red Sea, than his own thoroughly military and gentlemanly-looking self. Of course the troops were moved gradually down towards the Ganges, from the north-western corner of the station, and were passed across the water in turn.

It was before the Force had got fully across, I think, that one morning, when I had returned from riding, I found a middle-sized, strongly-built man, dressed in Khakee (ash-coloured) uniform and a helmet, who had come to look me up, and who asked if I were a civilian who had arrived with the Force. I replied that I was, and he then said: "I am Herbert Bruce, I hope we shall be friends, and work cordially together." He had rather a colourless face, light hair, and very pale blue eyes; but a determined mouth, and altogether an expression of much intelligence. I knew nothing about him, but he told me he belonged to the Bombay Irregular Cavalry, and that he had come up to be with Neill, who was very anxious to establish a military police, which would not only act as ordinary city constables, but could be used, on an emergency, for any outpost duty required. From that morning, for some months, I was with Bruce every day, and sometimes more than once in the day.

I waited upon General Neill in due course, and he told me, very civilly, that he had communicated to the Government his wish to have charge of the city

himself, and, as it was so immediately near his entrenchment, he wanted the town people to understand that its occupation was, for the present, a military one. He kindly wrote me a letter, which I possess, that the plan was not in any way suggested by the inadequacy of such arrangements as had been made, but merely from his own views of military necessity.

It may as well be said here that the extraordinary rumours that Mr. Grant (afterwards Sir John)—who was directed at this time to assume civil power, as far as it could be assumed, in the districts East of Cawnpore—desired to thwart Neill's plans, were quite certainly without foundation of any sort. Our instructions were to co-operate in every possible way with the military; and no one was so foolish as to suppose it mattered *who* did any particular work, so long as it *was* done! Dear Heaven! it was not a time to bicker amongst ourselves.

We had got hold of a great number of papers from the office of Baba Bhut, who was the member of the Nana's entourage to whose administration the district of Cawnpore had been intrusted. It was entertaining to read his orders; some of them exactly the sort of directions one had given one's self, when in some doubt what to do next. In the margin of a report on some village disturbance, he would have written: "Make strict enquiries and report again in three days." Deliciously make-believe energetic! These papers, however, gave us a clear idea of who had deserted us and joined the Nana, amongst our old

officials. One of the most prominent of those who had cast in his lot with the so-called Peishwa was the Deputy-Collector who had received Bews and myself politely at the Kotwalee, and as he had no sort of excuse to make for himself he was condemned.

The site having been chosen* for an entrenchment on the bank of the Ganges, the work was pushed forward as fast as circumstances would permit, and by the time the troops had crossed, the place was in some measure defensible. I got a more comfortable tent, and had it pitched on the glacis, near one of the entrances of the fort. Hard by, some dismantled houses were occupied as outposts.

We seemed a small body indeed when Havelock was gone. At first he stayed four days at Mungulwar, a village about three or four miles on the Lucknow road, and naturally some communications were held with the camp during that time. But the force moved away, and though we heard the firing at Onao no distinct news of what was going on reached us. There were one or two houses more or less in repair, within close proximity to the entrenchment, and these were occupied, at least during the day time, by those remaining with the garrison who had duties to perform. News reached us that the rebels were gathering again at Bithoor, and Neill armed the steamer

* By Fraser-Tytler.—F.C.M.

and sent it thither to destroy the boats, and thus prevent the crossing over of troops. But parties of Cavalry were said to come by night even into the suburbs of Cawnpore; and certainly more than once I heard the clatter of hoofs as of a body of horse on the road. The nights were disturbed, for from the villages both on our side and the Oudh trunk, there was constant matchlock firing. It was perhaps intended more to frighten intending marauders than anything else; but it produced a general effect of disquiet. The very stout Brahmin who had been a Tahsildar with me in Futtehpore, and had taken our side so warmly, Kasinath by name, had shown plenty of courage in joining us on the march, and took up his quarters close to mine, making himself useful in every way. But the idea of Cavalry roaming about by night disturbed him a good deal. There was so much of him—such vast protuberances both preceded and succeeded what may be called the original kernel of the man—that a dread of sabres set in with him, and he provided himself with two of what he termed *pahlawans*, or "champions" as the dictionary is pleased to call them. I believe such persons are got from Rajpootana by shroffs and bankers, and perhaps Kasinath had procured these two from monetary friends in Cawnpore. They were most extraordinary creatures—huge frames with exaggerated muscles, broad tawny faces, surmounted with long hair hanging in thick strips, necklaces of large wooden beads, ferocious moustaches, steel caps

under red turbans, voluminous waistbands in which were thrust two horse pistols, a leather strap holding a sword, and a long matchlock carried in the hand. Intending one evening to dine with Bruce, who had his meals in one of the empty houses, I got a tradesman to lend me a mule carriage. I was just getting in when Kasinath came up and asked where I was going. When he learned, he said it would be dark when I returned, and he could not let me go without the *pahlawans*. So he went and fetched them. First, one of these alarming warriors got into the carriage, and established himself in a corner, then I took my seat, and the other warrior sat, with the carriage door open, on the floor. Their hirsute legs, with knotted fibres (or it may have been varicose veins), were wonderful to behold, and emerged from loin cloths with a worked border, terminating in red shoes very much turned up at the toes. I was of course received with shouts of laughter; but my grotesque friends considered me in their charge, sat solemnly in the verandah during dinner, and afterwards escorted me back to my tent.

I had lost my companions: Bews had gone on with Barrow's Cavalry; Willock had got himself attached to the advancing column, and the two Queen's officers had departed too, having had work assigned them. We still heard firing on the Lucknow road; it had got very distant at one time; but on the 31st of July we were surprised by some horsemen riding in, and found that General

Havelock was again at Mungulwar. Many sick men came in, and amongst them poor Bews, who had fallen ill with dysentery. He came back to my tent, and rested for a day or two, till, as he was worse instead of better, he took an opportunity of getting to Allahabad, and so our adventures together ended, for he was not able to appear again on the scene. Marriage cards, received long afterwards from New Zealand, were the only token of his existence I could afterwards obtain.

Havelock held on at Mungulwar, and some Infantry and guns arriving from Allahabad, Neill pushed them at once across the river, and thus reinforced, the relieving column again advanced towards Lucknow. Neill was dreadfully disappointed at the first putting back, and, as his manner was, did not hesitate to denounce the movement in energetic terms. There is no question that, elevated as he then was by the general opinion of him, he would have gone on had he been in command; and however imprudent it might have been, perhaps he might have succeeded. One of those transformation scenes so common in Asiatic politics might have taken place. Nowhere is success so successful as in the East. But still, judging by what did happen when Outram went, perhaps if Neill had got into Lucknow he would not have been able to get out.

Days passed, and we heard distant firing, and firing more near, and it was all very puzzling to make out; when at length the mysteries were explained,

and back came the whole Force, taking up quarters in the barracks on the eastern side of the town. Prospects were getting rather gloomy, the ominous word Calpee began to be mentioned for the first time, a word afterwards to cause constant anxiety and trouble. What was called the Gwalior Contingent was a thoroughly efficient body of troops, particularly strong in Artillery, which nominally belonged to Scindia, but had been organised and trained by the British. The rumour was that this small army had shaken itself free of control, and intended to march on Cawnpore, crossing the Jumna at Calpee. Why they did not come is not known. The fact that they shilly-shallied all the Autumn, and at last only crossed the river to break themselves to pieces against Colin Campbell, is one of those singular events in which, if the devout think they see the hand of Providence, they may well be excused their belief. Bithoor, too, had become a perfect nest of rebels; and Havelock was no sooner across the river than he made an expedition there, in which there was some stiff fighting.* After

* Bithoor was defended by several regiments of mutinous Sepoys, including Cavalry and Artillery. They had thrown up entrenchments with some skill, and, besides fighting with halters round their necks, the Nana was defending what was left of his household gods and altars. Havelock's march to Bithoor occupied eight hours, under a Bengal sun, at the end of which time the engagement was severe. The Madras Fusiliers and 78th Highlanders, with my battery (I was ill in Cawnpore) formed the right wing; while the left wing was composed of the 64th, 84th, and Sikhs, with Olpherts's Battery. The force advanced in "direct echelon from the right" (Havelock's favourite movement). As the Fusiliers moved in extended order on the right, they were suddenly assailed by a sharp fire from a high outwork that had been thrown up in front of a village. Major Stephenson, then in command of the "Blue

this there was a little respite; the Calpee rumour remained a rumour; and there seemed no immediate work to be done. The promised reinforcements had to be waited for. All appeared calm, but there was one heart that was suffering, in noble silence, a great disappointment. Havelock was to be superseded. There was probably not the slightest intention of putting a slight upon him; to many there seemed a peculiar propriety in Outram's appointment;

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Caps," Neill having remained in Cawnpore, at once wheeled three of his companies to the right, and came to close quarters with the 42nd B. N. I., who really fought with great resolution from behind their "moorcha." Havelock said that "he had not seen fire kept up so well since the days of Ferozshuhur" (in the Punjab). Our Artillery meantime carried on their usual duel with the enemy's, but had unusual difficulty in silencing the latter, owing to the protection afforded by the earth-works; so that the rebels had to be driven out of their works mainly at the point of the bayonet; and the principal credit of this hardly-won success was certainly due to the Infantry. The troops bivouacked that night at Bithoor; and, after razing most of the buildings to the ground, returned the next day, in a deluge of rain, to our camp on the Cavalry Parade at Cawnpore. Here is a characteristic story about Anjoor Tewaree, which occurred during the above action. Our famous spy was constantly bringing us the minutest description of the enemy's movements, and especially of those of the Nana and his following. Indeed, the attack was mainly undertaken on his information. But our excellent Q. M. G. who, although a Scotchman, has a pleasant wit, had often rallied Anjoor Tewaree as to his sources of information, asking him where he picked them up; and pretended to disbelieve that he had obtained anything from ocular observation. "All right," said the spy, "one day I'll prove it to you." As the column were in the heat of the attack of Bithoor, and Fraser-Tytler, as usual in the front, was calmly observing the position and movements of the enemy, he felt a tug at his foot, and Anjoor whispered to him: "Do you see that bit of white kupra, on a tree in front of you? Well! take it down quickly, and put it into your pocket!" Almost mechanically, Tytler reached up to the branch, pulled down what seemed to be a piece of cotton cloth, and pocketed it. After the enemy had been driven out, and the action was over, Tewaree came up again, and asked Fraser if he had kept the bit of rag. "Yes!" said the Q. M. G., and pulled it out of his pocket. "Just see if it fits this," said the spy, and, untying the end of his loin cloth, he matched the piece which had been torn from it. Thus the brave spy had fully proved that, on the previous night, he had taken his observations himself.—F. C. M.

but still there it was; with whatever motive carried out, or by whatever circumstances justified—there was the thing, a supersession.

Illness was frightful. Cholera, dysentery, and fever were raging. A most accomplished and agreeable man, a Captain Young, occupied the next tent to me. He went down to dinner one evening at the hotel, which went on with comic pertinacity, and partook of some tinned provisions. The next morning he came out to early tea, but said he felt poorly and would lie down. He died about noon, and was buried in the evening. An excellent linguist and manager of natives, it would have been his work, had he lived, to keep the road well open to Allahabad. He was to have been a travelling policeman. Sheehy, too, who came up in our tent, died of cholera. And the case of Brown was a very sad one! When we were at Banda, Mayne heard occasionally from Mr. Lloyd at Humeerpore. This was a place west of Banda, on the Jumna. Lloyd was there with an assistant, and two or more officers of a native regiment, one being Brown. He wrote with courage and submission, but without hope. They were in a pokey hole, whence they had no escape, and they had to wait for the outbreak. They kept a boat at the bottom of the garden, and all stayed together. One day they were at luncheon—the crisis came. Shouts in the air; the noise of feet; muskets firing; the heavy hum of a crowd. They ran down the garden, and took to their boats.

Towards night, I think, they put in to shore. They were surrounded. Lloyd and another were carried back. Two of them, Brown was one, got across the water, and into the fields and jungles. At length Brown was separated from his companion, and half-dead with hunger and fatigue, was taken in by a kindly Zemindar. When Havelock passed up towards Cawnpore, at one halt, Brown was sent into camp in a litter. He was lame and lacerated, and in a strange condition of nerves, in which he found speech difficult; but being a strong, naturally fleshy, and well-grown young fellow, he soon recovered, but only to die of cholera. There was another officer, who, it was understood, was engaged to a young lady then amongst the besieged in Lucknow, so that he was fighting like a Paladin to recover his Princess from the Saracens. But it was not to be. The barracks got inundated one day, and curiously enough we observed that several who took off shoes and stockings and paddled about got cholera. Alas! the Paladin was amongst them. There was the gloom of the weather, gloom of the news—for Delhi was not taken—gloom of death; we thought the soaking neem trees smelt of the blood of the Summer; but hope springs eternal in the human breast; and a paper was handed to me one morning, headed *Cawnpore Autumn Race Meeting!*

Brown's arrival had at the time created much interest, but, in due course, two much better-known refugees arrived—Mowbray-Thomson and Delafosse,

and with them Murphy and Sullivan who had shared their fate. Delafosse was then a pale, wiry young man; Thompson, though his ample ruddy beard showed maturity, had the bright face and laughing eyes of an undergraduate in his first term. Both struck me very much in one way: they took the events which had happened to them, events almost surpassing the most romantic adventures of fiction, as if they were ordinary circumstances, to be looked for in the day's work of life. Some years after, a London banker, sitting next me at dinner at Cambridge, began talking about Thomson, and asked me if I had met him. I told him I had seen him every day of my life for a year or two. "Well," he replied, "I met him in London once, and I shall never forget an answer he made to a question of mine. I asked him: 'When you got once more amongst all your countrymen, and the whole terrible thing was over, what on earth was the first thing you did?' 'Did?' cried he, 'why, I went and reported myself as present and ready for duty.'" I am not prepared to say that the banker's question was a very reasonable one, but the wonder created in his mind was exactly what arose in mine. It did seem strange, indeed, that men should be able to resume ordinary life, after such an episode, as if nothing had happened. *

* Surely it is a singular and not very creditable thing, that this Mowbray-Thomson should be still with us, and borne on the list of the Army, without a decoration of any sort! His simple narrative of deeds done bears truth in every syllable of its unpretending record. For what cases was the V.C. instituted, if not for such as his?—J.W.S.

FREE AGENTS SEARCHING FOR CONCEALED TREASURE

There must, of course, be more of this kind of thing in the world than one would suppose. For instance, when one comes to think of it, probably the next morning after the earthquake in Lisbon, those who had any crockery left made coffee as usual. Thomson, being a handy fellow, able to turn his hand to any trade, was employed on the entrenchment; and might be seen whistling after the coolies any morning, as if he had been born to it.*

* While cordially endorsing Mr. Sherer's remarks respecting Mowbray-Thomson, we may be permitted to observe that the whole of them apply, with equal force, to Major General Henry Delafosse; except that the latter, by remaining longer in the Army, obtained his Major-General's rank, and also that of C.B. The story of Delafosse's individual deed of daring was graphically told by Mr. Shepherd, whose diary, kept during the siege of Wheeler's entrenchments, has been published. As it will bear re-telling, it will be found in the Appendix. Our illustration of Sir Hugh Wheeler's entrenchments at Cawnpore is taken from a photograph, made by Monsieur Beato shortly afterwards. The officer in front of the soldiers is Mowbray-Thomson: at that time Delafosse had been invalided to England. When these two heroes joined our force at Cawnpore, they were accompanied by Private Murphy of the 84th Regiment, and Gunner Sullivan of the Bengal Artillery; the last named died of cholera, in Oudh, not long afterwards. But Murphy, until lately, was in charge of the Memorial Gardens at Cawnpore. All four of them owed their lives to the kindness of a friendly Rajah on the river bank, who housed and fed them for about two months. Most students of Indian History have read Delafosse's simple account of their escape from the massacre in the boats, involving, as it did, desperate hand-to-hand fighting, swimming, and wading, want of food and rest, exposure to the sun, and other perils and privations. I cannot at this moment remember the name of another Englishman who had a somewhat similar escape, but whose story, told to me by himself a few days afterwards, made a great impression upon my mind. (I thought his name was Hudson, but we only had one officer of that name, who was in the 64th, and who became Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, where he died in 1893.) He was a florid, strongly-built young fellow, with exceedingly light flaxen hair. Escaping from some out-station, he chartered a native boat, or "budgerow," and sailed down the Ganges, with a crew of three or four men. As he lay dozing, a double-barrelled shot gun by his side, five armed natives suddenly sprang on board, from a little craft which had silently crept alongside. Jumping to his feet, he (we will call him H.) shot the two leading men, one with each barrel. Then clubbing his gun, he knocked a third man senseless, but smashed the stock of his gun with the blow; the fourth

So the idea of the races was really a good one, for men wanted cheering; and as a mere sanitary measure, some small excitement was necessary. We often found horses. They had, perhaps, been taken by Zemindars, and let loose, for fear of the condemnation involved in possessing them, should discovery be made. There was, too, an old Arab merchant in Cawnpore, who replied to all inquiries as to his loyalty by stating that he was a Freemason; and he in some wonderful way got hold of horses every now and then. Amongst the officers who had come up with the 84th was one named Blake, who was Petulengro, as George Barrow has it, or master of the horse-shoe. Everything connected with the noble quadruped delighted him, but especially driving. Palliser and Simpson, the two Cavalry officers whose regiment had melted away, lived close to me on the glacis, and Blake consorting with them I was referred to as to the feasibility of a four-in-hand for the races. I have mentioned the Nana Narain Rao. Though he had come in to pay his respects to General Havelock, he had gone back to Bithoor, relying, I suppose, for personal safety on his high

was hesitating about coming on, when H., with all his force, gave him a tremendous blow on the head with the barrels of his gun, cleaving the river-pirate's head right down to the chin. The fifth man, meantime, had escaped in his dinghy. After a few minutes, the third man, who had only been stunned, sat up, and looked about him, whereupon H. bound him securely to the mast of the "budgerow," and on the next two mornings flogged him unmercifully, giving him neither food nor water. The third day he cut the ropes which bound the fellow, and threw him overboard in mid stream, when the released pirate swam ashore, and, for all we know, may be living now.—F.C.M.

Brahminical rank, and being anxious to defeat any attempts of his brothers, who were declared by him to be rebels, to get away family property. But the last time Bithoor was filled with Sepoys and malcontents, he really did get harassed, and had his little daughters taken from him, so that when Havelock cleared the place he determined to come into Cawnpore. He was also fond of horses, and had a great deal of harness; and one of the merchants offering to lend me a barouche with a high box, and a very fair pair of horses, Narain Rao turned out the leaders, and found some four-in-hand traces and reins. So Blake was set up with his drag. He could drive anything, and kept the four together as if they had always run in a team. But we wanted a cornet to give completeness to the equipage: and I was told of Bandsman Jones, who had been hidden during the entrenchment troubles by some compassionate villager. He had belonged to one of the native infantry regiments, and was a tall, slimly built Eurasian. So I sent for Jones; and when he came I said: "Mr. Jones, I want you to go to the races with me." He said he should be delighted. I told him I also required him to contribute to the hilarity of the occasion by playing on the horn. And to this I understood him to agree, too. "O, he could play, certainly, some lively air which would be approved." So the drag was quite ready on the morning of the races. And Jones appeared; but without his horn! We inquired the cause of this omission. "I do not

play on the cornet," he replied, "but I shall give some nice music on this," producing that pensive instrument—the flute! We were prepared for most emergencies, but a four-in-hand accommodated with a flute-player was too much for us, and we were compelled to explain to the obliging Jones that there were pastoral associations connected with the flute which rendered its introduction into the more robust scenes of horse-racing unsuitable.

The races served their purpose of rousing the men from the low spirits into which the prevailing sickness had thrown them. One of the best horses, the best I think, was an Arab that had come with us all the way from Banda, under the guidance of Dr. Clark, and either then, or shortly afterwards, Major Stirling of the 64th appeared on the handsomest Arab I ever saw. It was a bright bay, not very large, but beautifully-shaped, and had the most high-caste and lovely head ever carried on shoulders. After the sad events of November, it became the property of Mowbray-Thomson, and "Adonis," as he was called, developed into quite one of the notorieties of the station. I remember another little scene at the races. General Havelock was of course there, with his son and Colonel Tytler, and just as the party were passing a tent a most extraordinary figure emerged. He was dressed in a wild billycock hat, had a huge spotted belcher tied round his throat, and was muffled in a vast dressing gown. He looked for all the world like the man in

the circus who has a great number of suits on, and gradually strips till he comes to flesh-coloured tights and a blue ribbon securing his hair. The eccentric figure made as if it would address the General; and as the figure in addition to its own oddity led a bull-dog in a string, the spectacle was very funny. It ended by some of his comrades dragging him out of sight. The hero of this little escapade was a young fellow in the Madras Fusiliers, who was much liked, a very well-informed man, agreeable and spirited, and one who would certainly have got on. Indeed, there had already been some talk of the V.C., but the mischief was, he could not keep away from the fire-water, and before the advance to Lucknow he was obliged to send in his papers. When it was too late he carried out total abstinence with complete success for a period, and got employment in the Commissariat or some other department; but in the course of time, feeling somewhat out of health, he went down country in the hope of getting home. Unfortunately, he met one of his former kidney at Benares—indeed, the very man who had arrived groaning at Futtehpore before the Mutiny, and whom we had supposed to be wounded; and they had what is euphemistically called a "wet evening." The ex-Fusilier retired to bed in the Dawk bungalow at a late hour, and the next morning was found dead.

Bruce was invested with full powers by the Government, and with the assistance of Baboo Bhut's papers, and the evidence of informers, got

the names of many persons who had joined the Nana, or at least had acquiesced in his rule, had paid him complimentary visits, or had sent him presents. One of the informers was a tall, stout man of the sweeper caste; and though Bruce had certainly made him no kind of promise of immunity, he had taken so prominent a prosecuting part that he quite thought himself established as a Government agent. It came out, however, quite clearly that he had jewellery in his possession which had belonged to some of the lady prisoners. I have all along supported the idea that there was no mutilation of our unfortunate countrymen and countrywomen before death, because there was no proof of it; it was not likely; and it seems such gratuitous self-torture to suppose a thing which every one would desire to be untrue. But some mutilation after death may have taken place; and in one visit to the garden in which the well stood, shortly after our arrival, I found a hand under a bush, which I took, by the slenderness of the bones, to have been that of a female. The busy ants had made all clear and white, and the hand looked like a plaster cast in an anatomical museum. It lay on the direct road to the well; and when I heard of the jewels it at once occurred to me that it was probably severed for its rings. Bruce was pledged to no leniency; and he would not forgive this stout sweeper, who, I make no doubt, had actually joined in the massacre. He and his mates had served as hangmen in disposing of some of the rebels whom Bruce had

tried. And now his own hour was come. His mates turned on him, when ordered, with a readiness that must have been very bitter to him; and led him, bound and trembling, to the scaffold, on which he had himself stood so often as executioner. I was with Kasinath in the room of a little house which he had to pass, and seeing me he cried at the pitch of his voice "*Bohai Collector Sahib*," and entreated his guardians to allow him to stop and speak to me. But they were inexorable, and hurried him to his fate.

That I may not have to return again to this disagreeable subject, I will add a word or two about executions. As a rule, those who had to die died with extraordinary, I was going to say courage, but composure is the word; the Mahomedans with hauteur and an angry kind of scorn; and the Hindoos with an apparent indifference altogether astonishing. When the *London* steamship went down, south of the Land's End, the Captain—that noble fellow who when offered a seat in the boat said, "No, thank you; I will stay with the passengers"—about noon assembled all who could come into the saloon, and gave notice that he thought the ship would keep afloat till two o'clock. One who escaped related that, in answer to this notice, an old gentleman appeared at about half-past one, having arranged his dress for a journey, strapped his wrappings together, and put his money into a girdle. Even in that supreme moment the Captain

could not restrain a smile. Some of the Hindoos treated death exactly as if it were a journey. One man, positively under the shadow of the fatal tree, with only three or four minutes to live, when his waist-cloth was searched (for the benefit of his friends) did not object to one or two articles being taken out, but demurred, peevishly enough, to giving up a few apples of the jujube tree. Of all who had to meet their end, I only remember one who died craven. He was a Mahomedan, and, whether his memory was charged with upbraiding circumstances, or whether he had never looked the subject fairly in the face, when it really came to the last scene he was unprepared to go through it. He declared that he only nominally belonged to Islam, but was at heart a Christian: that he was prepared to eat pork and drink wine, in order to show how sincere his conversion was; and that he thought little or nothing of Mahomed. All this not availing, he grovelled on the ground, screamed, cried, and piteously entreated for life. He would betray his cause, would turn informer, would deliver hundreds now in security and honour to the shambles—life, only life! And the poor wretch, fainting and foaming, had to be lifted within reach of the rope.

One more of these dark scenes and I have done. It was after Peel with the Naval contingent had arrived, and late one afternoon, verging on sunset, Bruce had tried with great patience, if with little emotion, a Mahomedan who was a person of some

consideration. It was not uncommon for officials, who had made money by some of the more than doubtful methods in vogue during the administration of the King of Oudh, to withdraw across the boundary with their gains. There was consequently at Cawnpore a small *coterie* of families, not necessarily of good birth, who had, for periods of greater or less duration, occupied positions of eminence about the Lucknow Court, and who, enriched by the emoluments or opportunities of their office, had settled in this frontier city of our territory. Here, with the vices often enough gathered in the emasculate capital in which they had made their fortunes, they fell, gradually, into narrower circumstances, partly through extravagance and partly through increase in numbers. The head of one of these families, a man who, I was told, had in former days hardly ever kept his own house, was considered by Bruce to have been shown to have taken an active part in aid of the rebel Government which had prevailed at Cawnpore. He was believed to have especially attended to the wants of one of the batteries directed against Wheeler's entrenchment. And it ended in his being condemned. Passing near the place of execution, and observing a considerable tumult, I thought I had better go and see if I could, in any way, help to keep order. The confusion arose from the interest taken in the man, which had drawn a crowd of Mahomedans from the city, also from the accidental presence of a body of sailors.

When I got there I found these latter very anxious to take the executive portion of the proceedings into their own hands, but a little explanation induced them to resume the character of spectators. The condemned man was timid, but not without self-possession. He said something which I understood to be that Jesus was a forgiving prophet; and that even if he had committed a fault, it should be overlooked for the sake of Jesus. He spoke very low, and it was not easy quite to make out his words. But the Sacred name was certainly mentioned more than once. When all was over, one of the sailors got up on a wall to address the public. The speech was in English, and therefore failed of effect in any way, but it was a singular harangue. The following may represent it: "First of all, understand," he said, 'that you are all rascals! And now you have seen a rascal die. But what is one rascal! My opinion is that not only one black rascal should be hung, but every black rascal in the country! And then you black rascals would learn how to behave yourselves." This view of the question was at least free from obscurity, though it was difficult to conjecture whence the regenerated remnant could arise. Balzac, in recording an axiom of "La Bohème," added: "*Le texte de cet article est plus vigoureux · mais comme, selon moi l'esprit en est faux, je ne tiens pas à la lettre.*" And I may make the same remark with regard to the funeral oration of our Naval friend.

Though sickness was still prevalent, the men were recovering their spirits. Large reinforcements were known to be coming, and an onward movement under more favourable circumstances was in prospect. The officers, too, were full of spirit and impatience. At a dinner got up at the conclusion of the races, Olpherts spoke with great animation and effect; many leaped to their feet, and looked as if, under the enthusiasm they felt, no task would be too great for them. One morning, after breakfast, a messenger brought word that some Sahibs had arrived in a boat. I hastened from my tent to the ghât, and found George Probyn (brother of Sir Dighton), his wife, two children, Mr. William Edwards, and Mr. Gavin Jones. They had been saved from the massacres at Futtehgurh by the kindly offices of a Zemindar. Edwards, indeed, did not belong to Futtehgurh; but had, after many adventures, joined the Probyns. The lady, wonderfully brave and calm, and neatly dressed too, notwithstanding all deprivations, stood on the bank, the soldiers attending to the children and trying to reassure them. There was, however, one subject that had to be carefully avoided; there were two children with their mother, but two had been left behind. Buried in ground close to the shed, which was all the shelter the Zemindar could safely give, they rested from their little joys and fears for ever. Mr. Edwards I knew well by name, but had never seen. Mr. Gavin Jones had a bad wound, which he had

never been able to get attended to; and was obliged to carry his arm out of his sleeve.

Owing to the droll circumstance of friend Mahomed's adherence to his profession, the hotel was available for the new comers, and its seedy equipments seemed to them of course a dream of comfort and luxury. A curious physical experiment worked itself out. Edwards was of a mercurial temperament, capable of going through anything, whilst his nerves were braced by hope and expectation. Probyn, less excitable, looked in poor health from insufficient food. As soon, however, as he was restored to English diet, he picked up at once. But the other, when the tension was relaxed, was visibly enfeebled and worn down. A day or two after his arrival, there came another company from Calpee, Messrs. Thornton, Passanah, and Griffiths, Eurasian gentlemen in Government employment across the Jumna, who had gone through many dangers and annoyances. With them, too, was found a Mahomedan Tahsildar, Gholam Hussain Khan, through whose fidelity their escape had been partly effected. He came to call, and I was much struck with his fine appearance and honest face. He was a bluff man, outspoken and frank; but a thorough specimen of the best type of Pathan. Some of his connections and acquaintances had gone against us, but I never could make out that he had even wavered. I told him at once that if he would wait patiently I would certainly find a post for him, and from that time we trusted

each other, and I think it may be added that neither ever repented of the confidence.

Hardly anything could be done in the district; several, indeed, of the Zemindars wrote and said they would bring in money when the roads were safe; and one or two offered to try and keep order in their own neighbourhood. It was necessary, however, of course, to have some guarantee that they were really loyal. After the mishap at the first Thana established, caution was necessary, especially as Bruce had had a similar misfortune at Bithoor. It had been represented that this place also required to be under military control; and Bruce had been directed to send some of what he called his sweeper police. As far as, in some measure, disregarding caste goes, the idea was sound; but the engagement of exclusively low-caste men was, perhaps, carrying things too far. Curious adventurers turned up from time to time; and a tall, well-built Hindoo had appeared, who spoke English admirably, and had attached his fortunes to those of Bruce. Men were required to go to Bithoor, and I was sitting one afternoon with Bruce, who was enlisting volunteers. They had to give some reference, and this Hindoo questioned them with great acuteness. At length one man was brought up, and the Hindoo said: "This fellow relies on his face, and the reference is very unsatisfactory. I had better tell him to pack?" A person capable of conducting business in so lively

a manner was not to be overlooked, and when the Thana was established at Bithoor, he was sent over to preside. But he was a regular scamp; and, after a day or two of business, determined to have a frolic; and so sent for wine and dancing girls, and had the Thana laid with carpets, and lighted up, and devoted the night to music and the flowing bowl. A spy, however, sent word to the other side of the river, and a party of Sepoys and rebels got across, came quietly up, and made an attack on the revellers in the small hours. All out-look and precautions had been neglected, there was an attempt to get to arms, but of an ineffectual kind—a fight took place—several were killed. Our lively friend had taken too much to escape, or indeed to be fully aware, perhaps, of what was going on. He was murdered, and his body thrown into the street.

One duty, which was by no means an unpleasant one, was the endeavour to keep open communications with Agra. We always found men who were willing to take the risk. They would, perhaps, not have been killed, if the letters had been found; but very probably mutilated. Later on, several of our adherents had their noses and hands cut of. The letter was written on a small piece of paper, and put into a quill; the quill, again, sealing-waxed at the end, or sewn into a little case of wax cloth. The object was so small, it could be popped into the hair or held behind the teeth in an emergency. I have mentioned that one of these tiny scrolls brought the

last handwriting of Mr. Colvin. Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Muir was the best correspondent. Sometimes Neill got notes direct from Delhi; these were generally in French. As the communication was fairly open to Calcutta, friends of those in the fort at Agra began to write overland, *via* Cawnpore. When a good number were collected Kasinath and I set about making them as small as possible, and then got a Cossid to dress as a travelling beggar. A miserable pony was procured for him. It had to be a mere bag of bones, and yet to walk to Agra. We could not give it corn, as that, doubtless, would have brought on inflammation of the stomach; and when turned loose on the fresh grass, its old teeth produced effects much like those following the mowing of a lawn by a person unacquainted with the art. On this sorry brute was bound a most moth-eaten and weather-stained pad, tied roughly with a rope. But deeply inserted in the mouldy lining were the overland letters taking comfort and refreshment to many a heart. We daubed the Kossid into a filthy and odorous fakir; and giving his Rosinante a meal of some kind of thatch, the cereal it most affected, we started her Majesty's Mail on its journey. It arrived, I am glad to add, in perfect safety.

Notwithstanding all drawbacks, the time was not unpleasant. The works at the entrenchment were pushed forward, and at length presented the appearance of a strong little fort: those who lived there had

constant intercourse with the Force, occupying the barracks to the east of the town. We lived from day to day, receiving and discussing any item of news that turned up; but I suppose, from a military point of view, the position was anything but reassuring. The black cloud at Gwalior still lay, with its presages of storm, on the horizon. But it might move any day. There were also symptoms of disturbance on the Ganges, between Cawnpore and Allahabad; and an attempt seemed threatened to occupy Futtehpore, or some other place near, so as to intercept communications. The steamer, which had been so wonderfully useful already, was sent down the river this time, and did good work in capturing boats and rendering crossing more difficult. Notwithstanding all, however, the enemy actually did cross; and endeavoured, as Outram was advancing, to occupy his rear, and cut off his communications. How that General gave them a blow, which sent those that escaped flying back into Oudh, is a matter of history. Sir James Outram arrived on the 16th of September, and, of course, his coming made a great change in our comparatively small society. The 5th Fusiliers, the 90th Light Infantry, appeared on the scene. The 64th was largely reinforced. Celebrities were there, Eyre, who had done such wonders at Arrah, and others—and there was the Bayard himself.

I felt a little nervous on entering a room in the large house on the bank, where he had taken up his

quarters—a little out of conversation, as one does find oneself when first in the presence of a person of whom one has heard so much. The kindly face, the friendly hand extended, the entire absence of stiffness, or self-consciousness—reminding me greatly, in this noble and natural simplicity, of Mr. Thomason—soon brought re-assurance. He took the trouble to show me a map of Lucknow, and to explain some of the difficulties of reaching the Residency. And never neglecting an opportunity of encouraging what he thought was right, he told me he had not failed to observe how harmoniously all efforts for the objects in view were working together. There was a bridge building at a tremendous pace across the Ganges; and of course, friend Kasinath and I had had to assist as much as possible with coolies and materials, and so on.

And now for a few days all the bustle, noise, and animation of a moving camp were around us. I met some whom I had known before. Colonel Cooper of the Artillery was one. A fine, tall, stalwart man, he had been once chosen some years before, for *Front de Bœuf* in Ivanhoe tableaux, and I remembered consultations as to his dress. The Artillery was now put entirely under him, and in the advance he was a Brigadier. Proud of the opportunity, come at last, of prominently distinguishing himself, and ardent as all the rest, there was about him, or I thought there was, a certain repose, a certain silence at times, which struck me then as foreboding. Does coming

death cast a shadow? I recollect General Neill saying one morning: "Come out of the sun, I do not want to expose myself—*before my time.*" The last words were spoken with a smile, and a look of his usual dauntless manner, but not untinged with sadness. When I heard of his fall at the Gateway, the words and the look returned to me with painful vividness. And here, while I am with General Neill for the last time, let me add what pleasant remembrances I have of his kindness. A man originally of a self-confident character, excessively praised and flattered for acts indicative of firmness, it was natural he should be positive, and natural that he should be brusque towards those who in any way opposed him. But the notion that got into the newspapers, that he was overbearing to persons who were not of his own profession, and that he set his face against all attempts to re-establish merely civil institutions, was not only incorrect, but was contrary to the fact. I have said that the idea that there was the least want of unanimity between Sir John Grant and himself was absolutely untrue; and I can only add that, as a civilian at Cawnpore, I received nothing but cordiality and consideration from him. He constantly sent for me to hear news he had received; and when small packets reached me from Agra, I took them down to open in his presence, that he might be the first informed. In this way I read out Nicholson's splendid surprise march on the rebel camp, when the attempt was made from Delhi to get to the rear

of our Force. It was received, as may be supposed, with a genuine enthusiasm by Neill. He was very kind to the soldiers, and attentive to their wants and comforts: and those officers whose appointments brought them into daily intercourse with him were all attached to him. General Outram, as soon as he reached Cawnpore, issued the memorable, and it may surely be added, extraordinary Order, in which he left the chief command with Havelock. That it did honour to his heart no one of course could dispute. But there was no question of Outram's heart. He was known to be the most generous man alive. The difficulty that exercised many military minds was of a different kind. Can an officer entrusted with a task by the Queen make that task over to another person? I have mentioned, further on, what Outram himself said on the point, in a room where I happened to be present; after having plenty of time to think over the past events of 1857.

And now, we who were to remain, stood on the river bank. From the same spot, a day or two before, we had seen small parties of the enemy leaping and scuttling as the shrapnel fell near them. A hero on an elephant had displayed undignified anxiety to get beyond the reach of shells, when he had inadvertently come within their range. Outram reined up his mottled roan horse on the mound where we were: the same which carried him soon afterwards in the charge with Barrow's Cavalry. He was bearded and sat erect, as if his youth had

returned. The long array wound down to the water, and slowly crossed over into Oudh. Men of history were there: Havelock and Napier, Neill and Eyre; and many others. The pageant passed us; and by night-fall the troops were spread out on the opposite shore. Next day the heavy guns were taken over—a task of some trouble, of course—and on the 21st of September, early in the morning, amidst one of those downpours that mark the end of the rains, we heard the cannonading at Mungulwar.

"I ADVENTURED A CHARGE WITH MY CAVALRY." (HAVELOCK'S DESPATCH.)

# CHAPTER XIII.

Then was heard: "He who judged let him be brought
To judgment! Blood for blood cries from the soil
On which his crimes have deep pollution wrought.
Shall Othman only unavenged despoil?"

REVOLT OF ISLAM.

## VEILED INCIDENTS REVEALED.

Mr. Sherer has described most of what had befallen us on the right bank of the Ganges, up to the moment of our finally crossing into Oudh in September. But he has naturally made only a slight allusion to the fighting which had been going on there during the months of July and August. The programme as well as the results of each day's action bore an almost monotonous resemblance. It was always the duty of our guns to engage and silence their artillery; the range, which I selected, being usually from 700 to 900 yards; sometimes having the fuses for the shells ready cut and fixed before going into action. Then the Infantry came to closer

quarters, and dislodged the rest of the rebel troops, who never waited to try conclusions in the open. But in Oudh they sometimes fought very desperately behind their strongly-built mud walls. I remember Havelock saying to me on one of these occasions that "the finest troops in the world, without artillery, could make no impression upon thick mud walls." Nearly every house was a little fort in itself, having been, in fact, from time immemorial, constructed for such an eventuality, which was constantly arising, either from the intolerable oppression of the King's tax-gatherers, or some neighbouring feuds, of which there were a good deal *à l'Irlandaise*. Even when ploughing his land, an Oudh peasant used to wear his shield, and carry a "tulwar" of razor-like sharpness. So that our men often had to use their bayonets on these occasions, and also when, as not unfrequently, the slender baggage-guard had to defend themselves against a swoop from the swift and well-mounted rebel Cavalry, who never ventured a charge unless they outnumbered us by, at least, twenty to one, but were always hovering about *à la Bedouin Arabe*, on our flanks, just out of range of our guns, and watching an opportunity for a pounce. That they made a very successful dash, in this way, near Alum Bagh, on the 24th of September, and cut our baggage-guard to pieces, before they were driven off by the surprised force in camp, is a well-known tale. In this way we lost a good many of our sick and wounded, as they lay in the dhoolies, for the

unarmed bearers naturally bolted as soon as they saw the "sowars" coming on.

Although our own Volunteer Cavalry, under Barrow, consisted, at first, of only nineteen sabres, they did excellent service as videttes and scouts. Barrow was a very capable officer, and his men cool under fire. And as Fraser-Tytler always went with them, some capital reconnaissances were often made by the latter very clear-headed officer. For, as they approached the enemy, these could never resist having a shot at them; and thus the position of the rebels was nearly always discovered in time to make our dispositions for the attack. Havelock, indeed, in his description of the Battle of Cawnpore, speaks of "having adventured a charge with his cavalry," and losing one of them, thus reducing the number of troopers to eighteen. But afterwards their numbers were gradually raised and their efficiency still further increased. So that when we first went into Oudh there were two troops of nearly thirty men each.

I may here remark that the 84th (York and Lancaster) Regiment, whose acquaintance I had made in Burmah in '54, was in a curious position as regards officers. The two Colonels were absent. The senior Major was invalided before, and the junior Major fell ill soon after, the beginning of the outbreak. Of the Captains, the senior (who, by the way, was 62 years of age) was *en route* to rejoin; Radcliffe was quartered at Chatham; Seymour was on the Staff;

Hughes and Lightfoot were in England. Besides these, three other officers were on the Staff, and several "on sick leave" in England. Captains Currie and Pakenham were killed, the former before Cawnpore, the latter on the entry into Lucknow, almost at the same moment that Woolhouse lost his arm. There were also other casualties, but this roll of absentees among the officers is one rarely matched at the commencement of a campaign.

As most of the earlier part of the campaign in Oudh has been described by other writers, we will confine ourselves to the details of one particular day's fighting, which, strange to say, seems to have been almost totally ignored, even by Havelock himself. Our description is taken from the "Occasional Papers (R.A.I.)," to which allusion has been made.

On the 29th we advanced to Onao, which is a large and strongly-situated village. They had three guns just in front of it, behind a "moorcha." We came into action at 900 yards, and soon silenced their fire; but, pushing on too quickly through the mouth of the village, found it occupied by Infantry, whose position, on the parapeted roofs of houses, and behind loop-holed walls, prevented our Infantry from advancing, without severe loss, which they did not wish to suffer. So, after an ineffectual attempt to burn the village from the lee-ward end of it, we "turned," or went round, this defended portion of it. But not at a sufficient distance from their matchlocks, for we lost one man of the Invalid

Artillery, shot through the heart, and two men of the Royal Artillery, wounded. Well it was, however, that we pushed through as soon as we did; for, on emerging from the Lucknow side of Onao, we perceived the enemy advancing in splendid order; a horse-battery of 9-pounders on the (our) left; and a large number of guns on the road; to the right and left of which was their Infantry, in dense masses; with large bodies of Cavalry on the flanks. Hurrying up my guns with the utmost speed, I unlimbered and came into action at 700 yards, and commenced our usual pounding-match with their Artillery, while our Infantry lay down, and theirs remained standing to witness it. After four or five rounds their leading guns ceased firing, so, without advancing, I slightly increased the range, and soon had the pleasure of finding their rear guns also silenced. Then, quickly limbering up, we advanced along the road until we came up to their deserted guns; then, "action right" and "left," and threw some lovely shells into the hitherto perfectly firm masses of Infantry. This, coupled with the steady advance of our Infantry, was enough for them, and they broke, and fled towards Lucknow. Thus ended the most beautiful Artillery action we had hitherto fought.

To give an idea of the accuracy of our fire, at *one gun alone* we found, out of six horses, one killed, three mortally wounded, and one, although only slightly, in four places (the remaining horse was

utilised in our Volunteer Cavalry), while there were three gunners and a Soubahdar lying around the gun, *perfectly mangled* by our shell. But our work was not yet over; for, after devoting two hours, in the scorching sun, to destroying all our captured guns, etc., refilling ammunition boxes, and burying our dead, we advanced to the village of Bussarat Gunj. This, as usual, was defended with guns at the mouth, and sharp-shooters in the houses. However, after a short but decisive struggle, we pushed on through it, and encamped, with exhausted frames and minds, after three actions fought in a July sun, from which no Artillery officer or man had had shelter. Nor had we rested between three o'clock in the morning until we lay down at ten o'clock at night. But in the glory of success everything was forgotten, and bitter was the disappointment when, next day, the word was given to *retire*! and we marched back to Mungulwar, over a road strewn with the remains of the previous day's fight, in which, by the way, we took *nineteen guns.*

But as these are confessions as well as chronicles, let me tell a story against myself. In the foregoing report, written on the day following the action, I spoke of "destroying all our captured guns." Our usual method was to spike them all; to break off the trunnions of the iron guns; and fire a nine-pound shot into the brass guns, just behind the trunnions. As there were 19, and we had no spare time, nor many implements, our work *was* a little hurried.

Consequently we found, a few days afterwards, that the ingenious rebels had repaired one of these guns, (which had a 9lb. shot through it) by filling the bore with damp sand, and pouring molten telegraph wire into the holes, afterwards filing off the inequalities. They then had the supreme courage to fire this piece of patchwork at us—loaded, I believe, with clippings of telegraph wire. I think if one of our own gunners had shown similar hardihood he would have gone near winning a V.C. But the fact remains; and I was afterwards destined to bear a good deal of reproach on account of it, Havelock considering the omission worthy of a place in his despatch, and (the "R.A.I. Occasional Papers" having published) a drawing of the mended gun. Let my delinquencies be a warning to future gunners!

On the occasion of a somewhat similar action at the same place (Bussarat Gunj), a few days afterwards, Havelock asked me if I "knew how to blow a man from a gun?" Naturally this had not formed part of our *curriculum* at Woolwich; but I had no hesitation in at once answering in the affirmative. For it will be obvious to anyone that three pounds of good powder (the service charge of a brass 9-pounder) would be pretty sure to effect the desired purpose. "Very well, then," replied the General, "I shall send you a man this evening!" I believe the culprit had been taken as a spy. Accordingly, when we halted for the night, I moved one of my guns on to the causeway, unlimbered it, and brought it into "action front."

The evening was just beginning to grow dusk, and the enemy were still in sight, on the crest of some rising ground, a few hundred yards distant. The remainder of my guns were "parked," in a nice mango-tope, to the right of the road. As soon as the news of the intended execution became known among our Force, they crowded on both sides of the ditch, near the causeway. I had them all cleared from anywhere near the front of the gun; but, laterally, the audience was very numerous indeed.

The first man led out was a fine-looking young Sepoy, with good features, and a bold, resolute expression. He begged that he might not be bound, but this could not be allowed, and I had his wrists tied tightly, each to the upper part of a wheel of the gun. Then I depressed the muzzle, until it pointed to the pit of his stomach, just below the *sternum*. We put no shot in, and I only kept one gunner, (besides the "firing" No.) near the gun, standing myself about ten feet to the left rear. The young Sepoy looked undauntedly at us during the whole process of pinioning: indeed, he never flinched for a moment. Then I ordered the port-fire to be lighted, and gave the word "Fire!" There was a considerable recoil from the gun, and a thick cloud of smoke hung over us. As this cleared away, we saw two legs lying in front of the gun; but no other sign of what had, just before, been a human being and a brave man. At this moment, perhaps from six to

"NATURALLY THIS HAD NOT FORMED PART OF OUR CURRICULUM AT WOOLWICH."

eight seconds after the explosion (and the same thing happened on the second occasion), down fell the man's head among us, slightly blackened, but otherwise scarcely changed. It must have gone straight up into the air, probably about 200 feet. The pent-up feelings of the bystanders found vent in a sort of loud gasp, like ah—h! Then many of them came across the ditch to inspect the remains of the legs, and the horrible affair was over.

Precisely the same results happened in the case of the next man, who was blown away on another occasion, except that he writhed and struggled violently, doing his utmost to escape from this terrible death, and that, in his case, he was tied with his back to the gun. Havelock's tent was the only one pitched in advance that evening. It lay a little in rear of my gun park. I went over to him to tell him that I had carried out his orders. As I jumped across the ditch, I became aware that I was covered, from head to foot, at least in front, with minute blackened particles of the man's flesh, some of it sticking in my ears and hair. My white silk coat, puggree, belt, etc., were also spotted in this sickening manner. As I announced the execution to Havelock, I called his attention to the state I was in. He came through his tent door, and, striking a sort of tragic attitude of horror, said, in a stage voice, "improving" Shakespeare :—

> "E'en such a man, in such a plight,
> Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
> And told him that a man was slain!"

Always ready-witted, was the old General!

The "gun number" at the second execution happened to be the same man who had fired the first. He was also dressed for the most part in white, and consequently was in the same "plight" as myself; perhaps even a little worse. So he made a request, which was not unreasonable, namely, that he might be allowed the sum of twelve annas (1s. 6d.) for each execution, as it cost him exactly that amount to get his clothes washed. I believe I succeeded in getting that sum for him. A curious thing happened on one, I forget which, of those occasions.

There was, as has been said, a great deal of cholera in our camp. Just after the gun had been fired, Maxwell Mowatt, a splendid soldier, an Aberdonian, one of the Sergeants of the 78th (Seaforth) Highlanders, was seen writhing in great pain; holding his hands over his stomach. One of his officers went up to him, and asked him what was the matter. For some time the Sergeant would not answer. At last he admitted that he had been struck in the abdomen by a piece of the man's shoulder, that had been driven across the ditch, with great violence, to the immediate right of the gun, which was the extreme point of limit of the crowd. Probably there would have been more such accidents if the audience had stood farther in front.

But these were the only two occasions on which this truly fearful punishment was inflicted by Havelock; although, at Meerut, Delhi, and other

places, there were many more. The illustration represents my own manner of carrying it out. However, the enemy very quickly picked up the idea from us, which recalls an incident that happened, not many days later, just after our third action at Bussarat Gunj.

I had been severely hurt, on the tendon Achilles, through my foot getting caught in the wheel of one of my waggons, in which I was lying, exhausted, as we were retiring after the action. So I was sent to the hospital at Cawnpore, and there I got an attack of dysentery. The officers' hospital had formerly been the hotel in that city, and was close to the "slaughter house," where Neill, who had been left behind in command there, had already put up the gallows, of which he speaks as having been properly erected on the "patent drop" principle. As we lay ill there, we heard, every morning, the "drop" falling, which indicated that, after having been *flogged*, a fresh prisoner had been launched into eternity; but, so far as I know, none of us ever even walked across the compound to witness the executions. At that time most of us had the "Gwalior Contingent" a little on the brain; as they were expected, any day, to profit by Havelock's Force being on the left bank of the river, and to attack Cawnpore. As it turned out, they procrastinated until they let their golden opportunity slip, so that, when they did, eventually, invest that city, they got severely routed, with the loss of all their guns. But

they proved more than a match for "Redan" Windham, with his 1,700 British troops.

One morning, after a feverish night, just as the day was dawning, I saw a tall Sepoy standing by my bedside. My first impression certainly was, like that of the famous Mayor of Bristol, during the riots, "that death was about to be my *potion*." However, I had no time to display what the same civic functionary called "temerity," for, to my very great relief and pleasure, I recognised the agreeable voice and face of my friend, Anjoor Tewaree, the spy. He told me that, in pursuance of his calling, he had been reconnoitring the Nana's headquarters at Bithoor, on the previous evening; but had been caught, brought before that Mahratta, and promptly sentenced to be blown from a gun in the morning. With this intent he had been placed in charge of a strong guard. In the middle of the night a tremendous shower of rain suddenly fell. The whole of the guard immediately ran for shelter under a neighbouring tope of trees. Naturally the quick-witted and swift-footed Anjoor profited by the opportunity to run, at the top of his speed, in the other direction, coming straight on to our Hospital, which was on the outskirts of the cantonment.

END OF VOLUME I.

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